

Sports Illustrated

JULY 10, 1967

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IT'S BETTER TO SCRAMBLE than lose, says Fran Tarkenton, New York's unorthodox pro quarterback, as he begins the story of his career with an analysis of football's new mobility

LIFE IS A PARTY for Gaston Rodmans of Belgium, a first-living 30-year-old who drives madly, hates to go to bed and still manages to be the fastest steeplechaser in all the world.

THE WORLD'S BEST amateur tennis is played every year at historic Wimbledon. An on-the-scene report from London on the tournament and its winners by Frank Deford

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Senior Editor Roger S. Hewlett does not always stride through the office with a rolling gait, but still he does have a wind-etched face and a kind of splendid, ruffled, salty look about him, and there are times when he seems to be leaning into an indiscernible wind.

With good reason. Hewlett was a sailorman long before he was our boating editor, and he has always been passionate about the sport. It makes a happy journalistic combination. He works out his enthusiasm in two ways: as skipper and crew of his own 20-foot cruising sloop, *Beta Cygni*, in which he pokes around Long Island's south shore, and as commodore, as it were, of the boating activities that appear in this magazine.

Ever since Volume 1, No. 1, in which we depicted Prince Philip sailing and rowing, boating has been one of our, well, mainstays. And in this issue the Hewlett-directed crew reflects more of the scope of the sport. We move from the world championship unlimited hydroplane races on the Detroit River (page 22) to the remodeled 12-meter *Columbo* and her owner, Thomas Patrick Dougan (page 26), as they prepare for the America's Cup observation trials next week off Newport, and, finally, to the Pan-American Games' rowing trials at New York's Orchard Beach (page 44).

The production of this kind of boating package has kept Hewlett so busy he has not had much time for *Beta Cygni* this month, but it is a well-known fact that a boating man, if temporarily stranded ashore, delights in talking about boating, in writing about it, and even in editing other people's boating stories.

"To me, a boat is something that matches your soul's yearnings," says Hewlett, dry-docked in his office. "The joy of boating is compounded of promises, and it excites with uncertainty. It speaks to man's longings as well as to his vanity, and to his pride as well as his humility."

And since all this heady mood emanates from a stone and glass and aluminum tower in the center of Manhattan, Hewlett is the first to admit that there is a lot of escapism in boating. Says Hewlett: "The desire to own a boat, or—more accurately, perhaps—to take one as a mistress, is prompted, I think, by a need, naive in many ways, to make a solid and tangible commitment to a dream. You will lavish foolish attention on her and make harsh and exacting demands, and in return she will share with you some moments that are good and some that are less good and some that are downright awful."

"But just often enough, when the sky is blue beyond belief and the water sparkles with the summer sun, when the wind is soft, yet strong and steady and blowing from just the right quarter, and when the shadow of a stay lies across a clean white sail and your boat will share a moment near perfection."

And so saying, having lashed down his stories for this issue, Editor-sailorman Hewlett has headed off on a vacation. He is, as you read that, almost certainly looking salty—and, we hope, squinting into the perfect sun and leaning into just the right wind.



HEWLETT IN HIS SALTY DREAM WORLD

Gerry Falk



LOCH NESS, dominated by Urquhart Castle. Strategically situated, this castle for centuries controlled the whole upper part of the Great Glen. Less famous than the Loch Ness monster, but more reliable are the nearby distilleries that produce Highland malted whiskies for 100 Pipers Scotch.

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It all depends.

SCORECARD

SLOWDOWNS

The cries of joy and anguish were predictable last week at Indianapolis when the United States Auto Club rules committee sharply curbed the power of turbine racers.

Andy Granatelli, whose turbocar out-classed the field in this year's 500 and came within 10 miles of winning the race, said, "They have reduced the power of the turbine so much that it could not qualify for the 500, let alone compete in it. What they have done is effectively ban the turbine by the political way."

Granatelli got support from another longtime Indy competitor, J.C. Agajanian. "I'm very disappointed," he said. "It's not fair to stop progress. This is the jet age, and we've got to live with it. As a car owner, all I wanted was some way of equalizing the turbine so it would be competitive for all of us. I wanted something reasonable, not an out-and-out ban as this decision implies."

Pleased with USAC's ruling were piston-racing enthusiasts like Mario Andretti. "I'm for it," he said. "I don't think the turbine was an interesting car. Furthermore, the accessory companies aren't interested in it, and they are the backbone of racing."

Caught in this crossfire, USAC at least had the courage to make a decision. By reducing the size of the turbine air-intake area and thus decreasing potential horsepower, it is attempting to put turbine and piston cars on equal terms. Before this year's Indy race USAC researched turbines and let Granatelli's car in as a potential equal. In qualifying trials it was fast but not fastest. What nobody fully realized then was that the turbine could run right back to its 166-mph qualifying speed in racing conditions, while the piston cars—having qualified with near-empty tanks and jazzy nitromethane additives—all lost several mph, as they always do. The turbine could accelerate quicker and, with its four-wheel drive, corner better, too.

The USAC officials may well be too

restrictive in their new formula, just as the previous formula proved too generous. At least they re-researched the question diligently and made a forthright ruling. If the ruling is proved wrong by next year's performance it should be revised.

Meanwhile, in what may have seemed a similar action but was actually a hasty and regrettable one, an advisory group to the International Automobile Federation (FIA) recommended the reduction of the piston-displacement maximum to three liters in the prototype class at Le Mans and other manufacturer-world-championship endurance runs. If approved this would force Ford to replace its winning seven-liter engine with a drastically different type or quit—a possibility—and it would definitely put Chaparral (seven liters) out of the Le Mans business. The proposal, dubiously linked to "safety," should be rejected by the FIA when it comes up for consideration in September in Milan.

HIGH LIVERS

International Olympic Committee rules prohibit an athlete from training at high altitude for more than 30 days a year prior to the Mexico City Olympics, unless, of course, the athlete just happens to have mile-high residence. With that in mind, Sweden has come to a high-level decision. It is sending six members of its Olympic track team to college next fall at the University of New Mexico. The hope is that the Swedish students, who will major in such subjects as physics and math, will find the proper atmosphere (alt. 4,943 feet) for their work.

SLEIGHT OF HAND

On June 25 Larry Lewis was 100 years old and, as is his custom, he went out for his daily run, 6.7 miles around San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. That night he was honored at a dinner given by some of the city's foremost citizens, many of whom he serves daily as a waiter at the St. Francis Hotel.

Lewis says he fought in more than 100 amateur bouts in the 1890s and only lost one. He also worked as a trapeze star for P. T. Barnum, his specialty being a blindfolded somersault. About 70 years ago, feeling his age, he gave up the trapeze to become the chief assistant to Harry Houdini, whom he served for 30 years. Lewis is a longtime vice-president of the American Society of Magicians, and he must be his own best advertisement. Two years ago, when he was 98, he was hurt in an automobile accident, suffering 11 bruised ribs, four skull fractures and five spinal bruises. Long since recovered, he likes to demonstrate his fitness by lifting a banquet-sized coffee pot and pouring 25 cups without a quiver of the hand. And the run around Golden Gate Park? That's not fitness, just everyday exercise.

BROCKING

A British psychologist, Dr. John C. Barker, reports considerable success using electroshock treatments on compulsive gamblers. His success at curing unfaithful husbands by aversion therapy persuaded the psychologist to try the same technique on other problem patients. He began by hospitalizing a one-armed-bandit fanatic along with a one-



armed bandit. The man was allowed to play the machine constantly, but every time he pulled the lever he received a nine-volt jolt. After four days the gambler finally realized, with a shock, that the odds were against him, and he quit. He has not gambled in 18 months.

Curing horseplayers is proving to be more of a problem, because the doctor has found it difficult to realistically present a betting situation in a hospital.

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

He has obtained effective results, though, by running films of the patient placing wagers in betting shops and then administering a shock as the gambler lays down his money. The doctor also plays recordings in the background—music to bet by—that consist of tapes of the patient's wife telling of the consequences of her husband's habit. One man treated in this manner was affected so profoundly that he now has to leave the room if a horse race is shown on television. But another admitted having a relapse. He turned himself in and received three booster shocks.

If the treatment seems extreme, Dr. Barker says, it is the only successful antidote for his extremely sick patients. "We never see them," he says, "until they are six times more in debt than their annual salaries."

OPERATOR

No one is more enthusiastic about the remarkable success of the Chicago Cubs (page 14) than Ernie Banks, the Cubs' aging All-Star, who has never been on a first division team in his 14 outstanding years in the National League.

Now every time his Cubs win a home game Banks rushes to the telephone to call the star of whatever team is playing against the Cubs' closest rival for the league lead that night.

Last Thursday, with the Cubs two and a half games out of first place, Banks hurried home from Wrigley Field and allowed a friend to listen in on a call to Willie Mays at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis. It went this way.

Banks: Hello Willie? That you?

Mays (sleepily, he had evidently been napping): Who is this?

Banks: Who is this? It's Ernie Banks. Listen, Willie. First of all, I want to congratulate you on an outstanding performance last night. [Mays had gone 4 for 4, including two home runs, and the Giants had beaten the Cards.] You're a wonderful player and a fine person. You know that don't you?

Mays: Was that you who called me last night?

Banks: Of course it was me. I wanted to congratulate you.

Mays: I got a message, but I thought it was somebody kidding.

Banks: Kidding! I'm not kidding, Willie. We beat the Pirates again this afternoon. Did you know that?

Mays: I know. Of course I know that.

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

Don't you think I know what's going on?

Banks: Wonderful. Then you know the Cubs are going all the way. Nothing's going to stop this team. There's going to be a city series right here in Chicago, and we're going to sweep the White Sox four straight.

Mays (a note of incredulity in his voice): Are you calling me to tell me that?

Banks: I'm calling you to tell you to go out there tonight and give it your all against the Cardinals. You're a superstar! I want to see you play like a superstar.

Mays: Who's pitching for them?

Banks (positively, as though this was an advantage): Bob Gibson! You hit him. You always hit him. When you come up to the plate against Gibson it's murder. I feel sorry for him tonight.

Mays (guzzling): All right. I got to get dressed to go to the ball park.

Banks: Good. That's positive thinking. And when you get there, remember, you're Willie Mays. . . . No, 24? An immortal!

Mays: (Goggles.)

Banks: Willie, you're going to see that ball come out of Gibson's hand. And it's going to float up there to the plate and wait for you to hit it. You hear me?

Mays (laughing): Yeah.

Banks: And then . . . whammo! It's career home run five hundred. . . . How many is that going to make it?

Mays (guzzling): I don't know. I got to hang up. I got to go.

Banks: You mean you got to go *win*. The Cubs are going to be one and a half games out when you go to bed tonight. This is our year!

Mays: (Goggles, guzzle, cлик.)

That night the Giants scored 11 runs in the first inning, knocking Gibson out of the box. Mays got two hits and two RBIs. The Cubs closed to within one and a half games of the Cardinals. (Guzzle.)

FIT TO KILL

A short, cryptic message came out of Africa a fortnight ago saying that Kenya's famed runner, Kipchoge Keino, would not appear as scheduled in track meets in Finland and the U.S. because he was "too unfit." If that seemed mysterious, a few days later the unfitness report became even harder to believe when Keino was clocked in 3:55 for the mile at a provincial police meet at Nyeri.

Since the altitude there is 5,900 feet, Kenya track authorities estimate Keino would have run the same mile in 3:49 at sea level.

When officials of the Kenya Athletic Association got in touch with Keino they were told he would be running in the Kenya Intraprovincial Police Championships, which are to be held in Nairobi the day the U.S.A.-Commonwealth meet opens in Los Angeles. Keino, a police sergeant, said he had only been in training two and a half weeks before his mile at Nyeri, and that he had raced "just to build up stamina and to improve on my fitness. The result was as big a surprise to me as anyone else." He adamantly refused to compete abroad.

By then cables from the sponsors of the foreign meets were arriving in government offices in Nairobi. One from Glenn Davis, promoter of this week's U.S.A. Commonwealth meet, read: ENTIRE FUTURE OF THE MEET AT STAKE. ESSENTIAL KEINO COMES TO LOS ANGELES WHETHER TO PARTICIPATE IN MEET OR NOT. ENTIRE PROMOTION BUILT AROUND KEINO VERSUS RYUN 1,500 METERS.

Finally, on the pleading of officials of the KAA, Keino agreed to appear in Los Angeles. "I am not happy about it," he said. "I do not feel up to meeting Jim Ryun and Ron Clarke yet. But I am a sportsman, and because of this I will accept the invitation. I feel better after winning that mile Saturday." It would seem that he is just unfit enough to worry the competition.

THEY SAID IT

• Casey Stengel, on his days as an outfielder: "I was such a dangerous batter I even got intentional walks in batting practice."

• Manuel Santana, after being upset in the first round at Wimbledon: "For the past year everyone tried extra hard to beat me just because I was the Wimbledon champion. Now it will be different. I will be one of the hunters instead of the hunted man."

• Y. A. Title, discussing the 49ers' surplus of quarterbacks: "I've got a plan. I'll start John Brodie in deference to his age, then confuse the opposition with George Mira in the second quarter, give the G-to-G Generation something to cheer about by using Steve Spurrier in the third quarter and then in the fourth quarter I'll come in myself to clean up the mess."

END

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Parnelli Jones knows the score.

Firestone's record of wins in major world-wide racing for 1967*

Firestone 73

Others 24

Firestone's winning record (U.S.)

Indianapolis 500	Firestone 45—Others 6
Daytona	Firestone 20—Others 7
Darlington Motor Speedway	Firestone 22—Others 6
Pikes Peak	Firestone 42—Others 9
Trenton Speedway	Firestone 18—Others 5
Milwaukee 200	Firestone 17—Others 4
Phoenix National Championship	Firestone 17—Others 4
Riverside	Firestone 4—Others 3
Atlanta Motor Speedway	Firestone 10—Others 5
Charlotte Motor Speedway	Firestone 8—Others 7
Yankee 300	Firestone 4—Others 1
Peach Blossom 500, Rockingham	Firestone 2—Others 0

* See page 1



That's why he insisted on Firestone tires for his turbine car in the 1967 Indianapolis 500.

In 57 years of racing research, Firestone has won more races—in more places—than any other make of tire. Nobody knows this better than Parnelli Jones.

This year Parnelli brought a new kind of car to Indy. A turbine-powered racer. So quiet it didn't even sound like a racing car. It *whooshed* instead of roared.

The car, with its four-wheel-drive and turbine engine, developed so much power it threatened to tear ordinary tires into shreds. But

Parnelli knew the score. So he turned to Firestone. Firestone had the tires. And the experience. What happened is history.

The turbine stole the show. It led almost all of the way and set 18 new track records. Then with just three laps to go, a \$6 ball bearing failed and with it the chance for a remarkable first year win.

The Firestone tires performed flawlessly, without a single tire change, and carried Parnelli to the fastest lap speed ever in the '500'

—at 164.926 m.p.h. It figures.

But it's not what we get out of racing. It's what you get. Safe, strong, long-lasting tires like the Super Sports Wide Oval.

It's a passenger car tire built wide like our racing tires. To grip better. Corner easier. Run cooler. Stop quicker than your present tire. And it has rugged Nylon cord for maximum strength and safety.

There's only one original Wide Oval tire—and Firestone builds it. See your Firestone Dealer or Store.



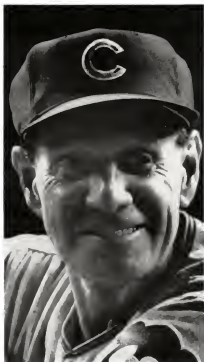
Firestone

THE GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING

YOWEEE CHICAGO!

The Cubs won, slipped past the Cardinals and at that moment—3:22 p.m. C.D.T., July 2, 1967—the Second City had a monopoly on first place. O.K., maybe it couldn't last, but in Chicago a murmur was heard: the first Cubs-White Sox World Series since 1906

by JOE JARES



Ed Stanky had a glint in his eye and Leo Durocher looked like a canary-swallowing cat as their teams rode high and fans cheered ecstatically

At The Cottage on the North Side, at Batt's on the South Side, at the Billy Goat Tavern and even in the boutiques and beer joints of Old Town, the people of Chicago—that toddlin' town—were talking about baseball last week. And at 3:22 p.m. last Sunday in Wrigley Field, they were *screeching* about it, for last year's last-place Cubs had beaten Cincinnati and moved ahead of St. Louis into first place in the National League. The win was the Cubs' 13th in 14 games, and it proved that this year they were put together with muscle and bone instead of silly putty. Since the White Sox already led the American League by 4½ games,

it seemed as though Divine Providence was repaying the nation's Second City for a winter so cruel that people had to put on chains just to walk.

Some exuberant Chicagoans were dreaming out loud of an Elevated Series—some of the games on the South Side, some on the North Side and all reachable by that ugly intracity railroad called the El, which loops around downtown Chicago and then snakes its way that way and thus. Should the Cubs and White Sox toddle their way to pennants, it would be the first all-Chicago World Series since 1906, when the Cubs of Peerless Frank Chance were upset by the

Hitless Wonders of Fielder Jones: four games to two. Until the West Coast stole two of its teams, New York was relatively blasé about crosstown classics, but for Chicago it would be a greater coup than playing host to the Democratic, Republican and D.A.R. conventions all at once. Mayor Richard Daley could present the participants with special mementos of the city, maybe autographed photos of Al Capone.

The historical rarity of having both home town teams in pennant races (the Cubs have not even finished in the first division since 1946) was the most surprising thing to happen

continued



in Chicago since a Brink's truck with \$300,000 in cash stood stuck in a snow-drift for two days and nobody bothered to rob it. People were fascinated by the possibility of a confrontation between Leo Durocher of the Cubs and Eddie Stanky of the Sox, those combative managers who are also known as The Lip and The Brat. The Brat, Stanky, had no superstitious qualms about mentioning an Elevated Series.

"It would be wonderful," he said. "It would be great for the city. It's good for a city just to have two clubs in contention. Some people like a monopoly, but I don't. And I guess I think it would be nice, too, because of my fondness for Leo."

"Why, Leo calls me every day," he added, with a mock serious expression. "He says, 'We got ours today, now you get yours tonight.'"

Of course, Eddie's chances of making the Series are being taken a lot more seriously at the moment than are Leo's, and he knows it. Earlier in the season Stanky said, "If we're within a couple games of the lead at the All-Star break, we'll take the pennant"; and, after a big victory, "Plays like those we made tonight are why the Sox are going to win."

But last week the White Sox were on the road, and it was Leo basking in the glory at home, resplendent in light-blue cashmere sweaters and buckled shoes, hurrying from the park to keep a dinner engagement with Frank Sinatra, not once forgetting a statement made by Dodger General Manager Buzzie Bavasi when The Lip was second-guessing on TV: "The game has passed Leo by."

Leo was feeling so good he was even contemplating a book to counter the attack against him in the newly published autobiography of ex-Umpire Jocko Conlan. Only it would not be ghosted by a mere sportswriter. He was going to get a real writer, "a guy Frank knows," name of Truman Capote.

Cub fans were feeling good, too. Little old ladies were coming out to ring bells, toot horns and curse the opposition. Police were speculating that maybe it was because of the Cubs and the Sox, and not the unusually cool weather, that there had been no racial strife thus far. Around Wrigley Field they were selling lapel pins labeled CUB POWER, and the club had to open the second deck for a weekday game for the first

time in five years. A kid sitting behind home plate wore a dirty gray sweat shirt that said, "How can we lose when we're so sincere?"

What was particularly amazing about the sincere Cubs was not merely that they had moved into first, but that they had done it despite the loss of their best pitcher, Ken Holtzman, to the Army. He had a 5-0 record when he departed last May. Of course, they did bring up a relief pitcher, and he's something to see—if you can see him. His name is Chuck Hartenstein, but they call him Twiggy. Lack of muscle doesn't bother Twiggy; he claims his sinker gets better as he gets tired. "The slower the ball gets to the plate," he says, "the more time it has to dip."

Through Sunday, Hartenstein had appeared in five of the Cubs' last eight games. However, a young Canadian, Ferguson Jenkins, obtained in a trade last year with Philadelphia, has been the Cubs' most effective pitcher since Uncle Sam snatched Holtzman away from The Lip. Jenkins improved his record to 11-5 in the game Sunday that put the Cubs in the league lead, going the full nine innings against the onetime first-place Reds and allowing them just three hits.

Everything was going right. Adolfo Phillips, the spectacular center fielder, missed four games because of a back injury, so Leo put Al Spangler—who had been a free agent until the Cubs took him on a while ago—into the outfield in Phillips' place. Spangler drove in three runs in his first four games. Adolfo returned, hit a game-winning homer and left the lineup again the next day. Spangler hopped back in and batted across yet another run.

Along with the luck and the surprisingly strong pitching, the Cubs have had sustained hitting. Their team average is third in the league, and they have scored more runs than any other team in the majors. Old Ernie Banks, seemingly washed up a season ago, is batting over .300, had his 15th home run the other day and was named to the All-Star team. Billy Williams, Glenn Beckert and Randy Hundley, the young catcher the Cubs wheedled away from the Giants, are all hitting at or not far below .300, and Ron Santo, the impressive third baseman who was in a deadly slump early in the season, is back up to .280 and hitting in the manner to which he is accustomed. One has to wonder. If

the Cubs had all this and Holtzman, too, how far in front would they be?

The Cubs are exciting, and the Cubs are drawing the crowds (deep down, and despite 20 straight years in the second division, Chicago is essentially a Cub town), but the White Sox are still the purveyors of the more valid dream. The Sox don't hit (their team average is .239 compared to .259 for the Cubs), and they've scored 96 fewer runs than their North Side rivals. They have not one regular hitting .300, and they have been able to score as many as 10 runs in only two games. They have depended on the speed of jackrabbits like Walt (No Neck) Williams, Al West, Jimmy Stewart (an ex-Cub), blocky Don Buford (once a good college halfback) and roommates Tommie Lee Agee and Tommy Lee McCraw. And they depend on their pitching. "We have no really big stars, except for our pitching staff," says Stanky.

The pitching has been as good as the preseason analysts predicted it would be. Reliever Hoyt Wilhelm, almost 44, has allowed only three earned runs in 36½ innings, and his earned run average (0.75) might soon be visible only through a microscope. Stanky's arsenal of arms includes Tommy John (Chicago is big on Tommys), and All-Stars Joe Horlen (10-1) and Gary Peters (10-4).

Peters also happens to be an excellent hitter, a smart base runner, a good hunter, an archer, a fisherman, a scuba diver and a joker. When rain held up the start of a game recently he came out on the field in full scuba-diving regalia. When he won a suit of clothes from his manager, he turned it down. "But remember this," he said. "When you catch me breaking training rules, don't fine me. Deduct the suit." A few days later, he went through an entire practice session wearing a burlap bag over his uniform and telling everybody, "This is the suit I got from Stanky."

In the 17 days before the midseason hiatus, the White Sox had 18 games to play without a day off against Minnesota, Baltimore and Detroit. They started off losing two of three to the Twins, then got involved in an exchange of football body blocks in Baltimore. To break up a possible double play, Tommy McCraw went five or six feet wide of home plate to collide with Orioles Catcher Andy Etchebarren. The umpire did not call illegal interference because McCraw

was within tagging distance of home plate as he barreled in, and the outraged Eichebarren, looking as though he was going to tear down Memorial Stadium with his bare hands, had to be restrained by another well-known Baltimore non-combatant, Manager Hank Bauer.

"I'll remember that play," said Bauer. "We can go out of the baseline to get them, too." The next night Frank Robinson of the Orioles didn't have to go out of the baseline at all. Sliding in to break up a double play, he crashed into Al Weis, the White Sox second baseman. Robinson suffered a brain concussion and was out the rest of the week because of double vision, but Weis was out for the season with a torn cartilage in his left knee. Stanky called it a clean play and had no complaints, but he felt bad that Weis "can't be part of the World Series if we get there." Then he put Wayne Causey in to play second the next night, and Causey won the game with a three-run homer in the eighth.

There was another worrisome health matter during the week. Before one game with the Orioles, Trainer Charley Saad came over to Stanky with an expression matching his name.

"You may have to scratch Ken Berry," he said. Stanky hurried into the clubhouse. The young outfielder's left eye was inflamed and he had difficulty seeing out of it. He admitted he had been bothered by headaches for four or five days; it could have been his asthma or some sort of allergy. Whatever it was, he was given drops, and did not suit up, which meant that the White Sox were facing the defending World Champions without their best outfielder and their leading hitter (at .280) and, speed or no speed, the Sox need every hitter they've got.

Halfway through the game Berry quietly appeared in the dugout, dressed for duty in his powder-blue road uniform. He was not tap-tapping with a cane, so Stanky, thinking he could use the outfielder as a defensive replacement, played the role of an optometrist and used the scoreboard as an eye chart. Berry passed the examination by correctly reciting the score of the Mets' game and was sent in. When it came time for him to bat in the top of the ninth inning, with the Orioles ahead, 4-3, Stanky decided to use a pinch hitter, and he called Berry back from the batting circle.

"I'm all right, Skip," Berry argued. "You had to see that pleading look

in his eye," Stanky said later. "You had to see it to know what Ken Berry is like."

Stanky relented and sent him up to the plate. Berry looked like the near-sighted Mr. Magoo on the first pitch, missing it by nearly a foot. But on the next pitch he hit a two-run single that won the game for Chicago 5-4.

"You're really a new-breed lawyer, aren't you?" Stanky told him afterward. "This is the first time I've ever been out-talked in baseball."

"New breed" is Eddie Stanky's hazily defined favorite expression, and he applies it, usually with affection, to sports-writers, his wife, his six kids and his players. Berry, as he sees it, is the most well-bred of the new breed.

"He'd play anywhere," Stanky says. "He wouldn't care if I put him behind the plate. Next year, if our boys won the pennant and I manage the All-Star team, Ken Berry is on it even if he hits .211."

Berry finished fifth in the voting for All-Star outfielders this year, but American League Manager Bauer passed him by in favor of Tommie Agee, who finished sixth. Stanky will not be drawn into an argument on the relative merits of his two star outfielders, and he is all for Tommie being on the team, but he

insists that Berry has been his best all-round player. He cites a typical heads-up play: after Robinson and Weis collided that night, Shortstop Ron Hansen ran over to see what he could do for Weis. But Berry raced in from the outfield, called for the ball and tagged the unconscious Robinson for the putout. "He'll make a putout at home some day," said Stanky.

Clearly, it was the kind of week and season that Stanky thrives on, full of new breeds, tough baseball, arguments with umpires and, what is most dear, victories. If Leo's Cubbies were winning, too, all the better.

The fact that the Cubbies were indeed winning, almost every day, was costing Third Baseman Ron Santo money—not that he minded a great deal. Santo owns a thriving pizza parlor in Chicago and his pizzas are sold at Wrigley Field. Each time the Cubs win a ball game, Santo orders a load of pizzas brought into the clubhouse.

Santo wants an Elevated Series just as much as anyone else in Chicago, and he's rooting for the Sox, too. He must have known that something like this was going to happen. His pizzas are sold at Comiskey Park, too.

END



Ron Santo of the Cubs, a slow starter this season, had a hot bat during his team's rise to first.



THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING?

Though lacking the glowering presence of Sonny Liston—who waits to challenge the winner—a tournament of interesting home television matches will determine the No. 1 claimant to Ali's vacated title by **TEX MAULE**

Never have so many owed so much to the absence of one. When the intransigent Muhammad Ali lost a decision to the law of the land and was stripped of his heavyweight championship, he transformed a baker's dozen of potential victims into credible heavyweight contenders. In counting himself out he may have done even more to revive interest in boxing than he did in the three years during which he held the heavyweight championship. At the end of the lively era of his tenure the heavyweight division had degenerated into a modern version of the bum-of-the-month club Joe Louis presided over during the dog days of his distinguished career. No one honestly believed that a Joe Frazier or a Jerry Quarry could give Ali a fight. The only question was how long they could remain standing. Ali towered over the field, and boxing might have perished in the shadow of his excellence.

Now, suddenly, the fight is on again. Among all the pretenders to Ali's throne, no one stands head and shoulders above the rest. The lowliest is capable of giving the best an argument, and the opening skirmish in the battle for control of the heavyweight division was a portent of things to come. In this encounter a young contender knocked a veteran cold as a mackerel. The fight did not take place in the ring. It was a paper battle fought with contracts, and Sports Action, Inc., the youngster with American Broadcasting Company television money in its corner, disposed of the venerable, crafty Madison Square Garden with a knockout punch revealing the



The cover. 1) George Chuvalo, 2) Ernie Terrell, 3) Karl Mildenberger, 4) Joe Frazier

strength of what Ernie Terrell calls green power.

Green power, of course, is the power of money. Sports Action, Inc., headed by Mike Malitz, corralled most of the top contenders for Ali's crown by the simple expedient of offering them more money to fight than Madison Square Garden would. Malitz' group could make this offer because ABC will carry the matches in the elimination tournament on the *Wide World of Sports*, the first two on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 5, from the Astrodome in Houston. The purses for the four fighters in this doubleheader range from \$23,000 to \$50,000, and to all of them this represents riches.

The Garden would not match these guarantees, and no private promoter would, either. They are part of a pot of some \$300,000, an unimaginable sum without the contribution of television.

For the man in the living room, Sports Action's victory is a pleasant thing. He will be able to see the whole tournament without forsaking his cold beer and ice-box lunch. He may quarrel a bit about some of the people in the tournament, because a few of the likely candidates to replace Ali are not among those present. Sonny Liston, who has lost only three fights in his life and two of those to Ali, will be playing solitaire in Las Vegas, a 220-pound black Hamlet wondering whether he is to be considered as a genuine challenger when the tournament ends. Why he is missing from the eliminations is known only to the promoters. Joe Frazier, the young lion of boxing who has assumed the mantle Ali once wore as a former Olympic champion on his way up, is aligned with the Garden, where he will fight George Chuvalo on July 19. If he survives this test, Frazier, too, will be available to fight the winner of the tournament. Chuvalo, who may very well whip Frazier, was left out of the tournament because he dropped to 10th in rank after losing to Oscar Bonavena, who is in the tournament Zora Folley, who fought one of the craftiest and most courageous fights against Ali, is absent because he, too, dropped out of sight in the spurious rankings of the World Boxing Association.

As it stands now, eight fighters will

continued

Marched over a cord table in Las Vegas. Liston sits out the tournament despite the fact that Ali says Sonny could lick all eight participants.

he allowed to decide the championship among them. They are, in alphabetical order: Oscar Bonavena, Jimmy Ellis, Leotis Martin, Karl Mildenberger, Floyd Patterson, Jerry Quarry, Thad Spencer and Ernie Terrell. Waiting hopefully in the wings, in addition to Lison, Frazier, Chivalo and Folley, are a trio of long shots—Eduardo Corretti of Argentina, Manuel Ramos of Mexico and Buster Mathis, erstwhile protégé of Cus D'Amato.

The matches made so far are between Terrell and Spencer and Ellis and Martin in the Astrodome, and between Mildenberger and Bonavena in Offenbach, Germany. Patterson, who fought a draw with Quarry in Los Angeles not long ago, will probably fight him again on Oct. 21 or 28, again in Los Angeles. The semifinal matches between the winners are planned for the Astrodome on Nov. 11 and Dec. 2 and the championship at the same location in late January or early February. The Aug. 5 doubleheader is scheduled to begin in the late afternoon in Houston, which will surely be the first time in boxing's modern era that a fight goes on at sea time.

The tournament represents the final takeover by TV of a major sports field. Football, basketball and baseball all dance to the merry ring of television dollars, but this is an all-TV show and, despite the contrary views of many sportsmen, it is not necessarily a bad thing. Practically speaking, more fight fans will be given an opportunity to watch the action of this tournament than would have if the fights had been promoted individually and sold to theater

television. With the wide exposure of national television, interest is likely to build. When the survivors meet for the title in January or February that fight may attract the biggest TV audience in sports history.

This is the creation of an organization made up of the remnants of Main Bout, Inc., which handled the theater television of most of Ali's fights. It includes Malitz, who has been in boxing all his life, Attorney Robert Arum, former Cleveland Brown fullback Jim Brown, Fred Hofheinz, son of Judge Roy Hofheinz of the Astrodome, plus the ABC bankroll. It represents, as Harry Markson and Teddy Brenner of Madison Square Garden discovered, an almost unbeatable combination. Hofheinz has the best arena in the world in which to present a boxing program, and he demonstrated in the Cleveland Williams-Ali and the Terrell-Ali matches considerable skill at producing and showcasing fights. The Astrodome itself is a big plus. A visiting English writer, after watching a soccer game in the Astrodome that was attended by some 20,000 fans, said, "You could put on a shin-kicking contest in this remarkable place and draw 20,000 people." And with ABC as a partner, money is no problem.

"Without ABC, we could not go through with the tournament," Malitz says frankly. ABC's participation, in effect, locked out the Garden, which might have come in for a fight or two had it not been for its tie-up with RKO General in a special sports network. "We wanted the Garden to join us," says Malitz. "We were willing to accommodate them.

We offered to sit down and work out a deal. But we could not dance to their tune, and they could not dance to ours. It was that simple."

Brenner, the Garden matchmaker, put the problem another way. "They wanted us to hold Saturday afternoon fights in July for the *Wide World of Sports*," he says. "With that kind of date we wouldn't draw enough to pay for opening the doors. Meanwhile they have given fighters contracts guaranteeing them up to \$50,000 apiece. Many of these fighters have never received \$20,000 for a fight. That's the worst kind of inflation. We couldn't make money on that deal even if we got \$75,000 of the TV revenue."

Despite the absence of a few legitimate contenders, the tournament is a good one. "There aren't any out bets in the whole thing," says Angelo Dundee, the trainer of Ali and of Jimmy Ellis, one of the participants. "The worst odds may be 2 to 1, and most of the fights are even or maybe 7 to 5, and I wouldn't want to lay it either way. It's a breath of fresh air. Boxing has finally reached the point that all the other professional and amateur sports in the country reached a long time ago. These guys are evenly matched."

The Ellis-Martin bout in Houston certainly supports Dundee's theory. They have fought each other twice before, when they were amateur middleweights. Martin won the first decision, Ellis the second. It is not likely that either will win the tournament, although Ellis must be considered a better bet than Martin.

Terrell, who was savaged for 15

Tournament fighters include, from left, Jimmy Ellis (in white trunks), as he prepares to knock out Johnny Persol; Leotis Martin, rising Arce



rounds by Ali and survived despite a badly damaged eye sustained early in the fight, is probably the best of the lot. At 28, he is mature without having lost anything to age. He is ring-wise enough to handle the youngsters and young enough to outlast the Pattersons, Listons and Follies. "The only question is how much Ali left him after their fight," says Dundee.

Liston is Ali's own choice, and Ali is in the best position to judge. "He can whip any of the eight in the tournament," Ali says. But there are a few questions about Liston today. Since he lost the second fight with Ali in Lewiston, Me. he has confined his activities to knocking over four nonentities in Sweden, and one of the four, Elmer Rush, rose from the floor live times after Liston had knocked him down. He stayed down after the sixth.

"That's not the Liston who used to be," observes Dundee. "He was a great finisher. If he put you down once you might stagger up, but if he got a clean shot and put you down again you stayed down for good. He's no spring chicken. If he's lost his punch, forget him. But if he's on a par with the Liston of the first championship fight in Miami Beach, he can take anyone but Ali."

In the early matches it seems likely that Mildenerger, Terrell, Ellis and Quarry will move up. Mildenerger gave Ali the toughest fight of his career as champion. "He's a lefty, and most fighters have trouble with lefties," Dundee said. "His hardest fight may be with Bonavena, because Bonavena crowds and left-hooks and that's the way to

beat a left-hander. I know, because I handled five left-handers at one time or another. But Mildenerger can fight, and this one is in Germany, and that helps, too. He fights like a madman at home."

Terrell should be a clear favorite over Spencer. He has the best left jab in boxing and the best combination of age and experience. Spencer has not shown a great deal, other than a propensity for conversation second only to Ali's. If there is a 2 to 1 underdog in the opening round of the tournament it is Spencer.

Quite possibly the most interesting and exciting fight will be between Ellis and Martin. Both have grown up from middleweights, retaining their speed while gaining power. But Ellis has two advantages, he is trained by Dundee, one of the smartest men in boxing, and he has spent more time in the ring with Muhammad Ali than any other fighter in the world. He worked with Ali before all of the champion's bouts and performed creditably. In his last three fights Ellis has scored first-round knockouts.

The Quarry-Patterson rematch is a toss-up. Quarry is a very tough young fighter who has moved quickly since he turned pro, not surprising in view of the fact that he had over 100 amateur bouts. He put Patterson down twice in the draw they fought in Los Angeles, then lost through the best counterattack Patterson could mount. It seems likely that it will be Quarry, not Patterson, who improves during the time before their second match.

Aside from Liston, several fighters on the sidelines would seem to have a chance. Chuvalo's forte for a long time

was his indestructibility. Ali and others damaged their hands on his head without disturbing his equilibrium. In the last few months he has developed a rudimentary left jab to go with the heavy body punches that carry his attack, but he is at his best with a fighter who comes straight to him. Movement from side to side—as demonstrated by Ali and Terrell in fights with him—seems to confuse him. Still, he may very well beat Frazier, who tends to move in a straight line.

Frazier is ranked high by the World Boxing Association—No. 2—but not all boxers and few managers agree with that rating. "He won't fight anyone," said Spencer. "His advisers make the old excuse that he's not ready. Scrap Iron Johnson gave him all he wanted and Scrap Iron can't walk from here to the door without falling down. You can knock Frazier out with a hard look."

It is Harry Markson's opinion that when the tournament is over the winner will be left with no one to fight. This appears to be sour grapes. The winner can take his choice among Liston, Frazier, Chuvalo, the tough Mexican Ramos, and Argentina's Corleto. Finally there is the forgotten man, Zora Folley. "He made one of the best fights against Ali," Dundee says. "He's the only guy who could cut the ring in half, and he hurt Ali with belly jabs. I figure him as good as anyone today."

You have to figure all of them as good as anyone today. Muhammad Ali has vindicated himself as a Muslim holy man by paving a miracle. By not taking that step forward, he made potential champions of also-rans.

END

Johnson, Oscar Bonavena, rubbing Joe Frazier before losing via a split decision Jerry Quarry, (standing) and Floyd Patterson in their draw





For unlimited hydro racing it was a remarkably uneventful event. Nobody got killed and the boats, most of them powered by aircraft engines, flew so low that Bill Sterett (above) won with his Chrysler

By KIM CHAPIN

A REWARDING RACE IN DETROIT

All that is good in the small domain of the thunderboat was demonstrated last Sunday on the Detroit River during the second annual World's Championship Race for unlimited hydroplanes. First—and best of all—no one was killed, for a change. There was also another change: Bill Sterett, a white-haired, 42-year-old Kentuckian who until Sunday had never won anything, won the race in a boat that had no relationship at all to an airplane. Instead of the conventional World War II surplus aircraft engines that have been driving the big hydros for years, Sterett's winner was powered by twin 427-cubic-inch Chrysler hemi-head engines, the same kind that Richard Petty uses in his stock car racer, and the same kind, with a few slight adjustments, that you can pick up at your neighborhood Chrysler dealer's.

Jim Ranger in *My Gypsy* and Sterett in his *Miss Chrysler Cross* won two preliminary heats each and went into the championship tied for first with 800 points. But just after the flying start, everything was decided. *My Gypsy* came across the starting line on the outside, where Ranger wanted to be, but when he attempted to cut in and position himself for the first turn, his left sponsor

caught water, ripping off a section of *Gypsy's* deck. The boat continued to run, but by the time Ranger recovered control, Sterett had an unbeatable advantage. He crossed the finish line nearly half a lap ahead of Ranger to conclude a perfect afternoon of racing.

The perfect afternoon, unfortunately, has become exceedingly rare. When all goes well a hydro under a full head of steam is the most spectacular sight in sport. Although Sterett's fastest lap in the heats was 104.046 mph, some 181.167 mph slower than Lee Taylor had done two days earlier at Lake Gunter'sville (see *here opposite*), a closed-course race in a piston-driven boat and a straightaway assault on a time record in a turbine are two entirely different breeds of cat. Unlimited hydroplane racing in its ten previous outings has produced a casualty list that reads like a Vietnam war report.

Three weeks ago during the Suncoast Cup race in Tampa, with the 1967 unlimited season one minute old, Bill Brow charged down the straight of the 2½-mile course in *Miss Budweiser* at 170 mph. He was 100 yards ahead of the nearest boat when he began lifting out of the water. *Budweiser* wobbled twice,

like a quail wounded in full flight, bounced, reversed direction, bounced again, rolled over in the air and plunged to the bottom of Tampa Bay. Brow died two hours later.

"I thought about going to Brow's funeral—he was a good friend of mine, but I didn't," Sterett said. "I knew it would affect me the wrong way. I sent a wreath and a telegram to his widow and then forgot about it. I don't know what it is, but I guess the whole thing about racing is a matter of proving something to yourself. Like when I was starting out in the construction business I had this terrible fear of being buried in dirt, but I went down and shored up sewers when nobody else would. I got buried five times one day, once for an hour and a half. It cut off the circulation in my legs so bad you could see the marks where the dirt clots were. But after every cave-in I went back down. I had to. And I would rather die in a boat than in an old folks' home. I've lived a full 42 years."

On June 19 last year, during the running of the President's Cup on the Potomac River, Rex Manchester in *Notre Dame* and Don Wilson in *Miss Budweiser* raced flat out toward the second

turn on the first lap of the championship heat. They were not more than five feet apart. There was no way either boat could have properly made the turn. Suddenly *Notre Dame* lifted out of the water and slammed down on *Budweiser's* hull. Both boats exploded in a ghoulish shower of spray and broken plywood. Both men were killed.

Just three hours earlier, Wilson had knelt on the dock in a pathetically futile attempt to revive Ron Musson, who had also crashed. Musson had sheared his propeller. His hydroplane, Mrs. Burdahl, nosed into the water and flipped end-over. That was the bleakest afternoon in the history of unlimited racing. A former American Power Boat Association president called it "an act of God."

There are four main groups involved in unlimited hydroplane racing: the drivers, owners, boatbuilders and race officials, and nobody knows what happened. Was the water bad? Water conditions at Tampa and on the Potomac were listed as "good." Was it design failure? Les Staudacher of *Kawakawlin*, Much built or designed eight of the 15 boats that started in the Detroit race and has been constructing hydroplanes for nearly 20 years. He feels the problem was largely one of aerodynamics. "When a hydroplane is planning," he said, "if its attitude is 5° too high, it tends to kite. If it's 5° too low, it tends to nose into the water. The proper balance is theoretically built into the hull."

Lee Schoenath, the czar of unlimited racing—it says so on the back of his jacket—disagrees. "Kiting is a factor," he says, "but that really doesn't come into play until about 150 or 160 mph."

And Bill Newton, the race referee in Detroit, says, "If a boat got into trouble every time it started kiting, we'd have to stop racing today. We set up a safety committee last year and there's a list of specifications a mile long. If anybody thinks he's got a better way, and can prove it, we'll let him run. That's what we're after."

That leaves driver error, but if somebody is thinking along that line, they'd better not mention it to Bill Muncy, the four-time Gold Cup winner who is probably the best hydroplane driver still racing.

"Driver error?" Muncy says. "I don't buy that for five minutes. It's easy to blame Brow for his crash [some knowledgeable people claim Brow knew

a split second before his accident that he was in trouble and he could have taken his foot off the throttle], but racing is more than getting in that tin can and zipping and zagging and turning left. They weren't in his cockpit. They don't know what the manifold pressure was or what the oil gauge showed or a whole lot of other things. Musson? He was one of the best chauffeurs this business has ever had."

"What caused the accidents? It's a trite phrase, but I'd call it the pressure of competition. Most outsiders don't realize it, but there's an awful lot of pressure on a driver. Owners put a lot of money into these things and they expect something for it. Then there's a lot of competition among the drivers, too. Some guy is always after another driver's seat. But driver error? I love this sport, and I won't have somebody stand there and tell me it was driver error."

Two weeks after the triple disaster in Washington last year, Chuck Thompson in *Smurff* was racing *Taylor* Miss, driven by Mike Slovak, in heat 3-A of the Gold Cup on the Detroit River. Thompson trailed Slovak by a boat length and was on the inside heading for the first turn when *Smurff* went up on one sponson, lifted into the air and dived back into the water. Thompson was in an ambulance within three minutes of the crash, but died an hour later.

"Thompson was always sort of a wild man," says Staudacher. "But he'd driven that way for years, and the other drivers all knew it. He would come into my shop or call just about every week, and I'd say, 'Chuck, the guys tell me you're pushing it.' He would answer, 'Naaw, Les, I've got everything under control.'"

Referee Newton said in Detroit, "I can fine a driver, give him a week's suspension or a month's suspension or a year's suspension if he cuts a guy off or does something like that. But I can't call down somebody for overdriving or what somebody might think is bad driving. Hell, the guys that got killed weren't new to the game. They were all pros, the respected drivers, the best in the business."

And so the debate goes on, with everyone concerned taking the attitude of stoic fatalism and with no real solutions in sight. The owners, officials, builders and drivers create their own rooster tails and wakes that everybody else is forever getting caught in. But then the water closes over and all is the same as it was before, and nothing is settled. After Brow's fatal accident, one driver said, "I've made my peace with God." Well, everybody got out of Detroit alive, but there are six more races on this season's calendar. That's plenty of time for the others to get religion. **END**

TAYLOR'S LAST FAST TRIP ON THE GOOD SHIP 'HUSTLER'



Fairly last week the weather was terrible and the boat was 2½ tons of trouble. Then, on Friday, skies cleared over Lake Gustineville.

Home of the most frightened fish in Alabama—and Lee Taylor Jr. got aboard the *Hustler*. It is really a surplus J-46 Douglas jet engine surrounded by 10 feet of boat trappings, so scary that when Taylor first tried it four years ago he panicked and bailed out. Since then, world water-speed record holder

(at 276.333 mph) Donald Campbell had been killed at 310 mph. But this time Taylor stayed aboard and hit a sample 299.141—with only 20 minutes left on his Coast Guard permit. He got an extension, refueled, and really hit it. One run at 288.1216 mph, a return at 282.3039, for an average of 285.2127 mph and the new world mark. Taylor, 33, will let it stand. "The *Hustler*," said its builder, Richard Hallett, "is a tired old boat."

'BUT PAPA, I PLAYED LIKE A CLOD'

But what a clod was France's bouncy Catherine Lacoste, who stunned the LPGA stars by flying in from Paris and waltzing off with their biggest prize, the U.S. Women's Open, which no amateur had ever won **by MARK MULVOY**

As if it were not enough to have France's Le Grand Charlie forever spotting in our eye, now comes La Grande Catherine to do the same thing. Without an iota of reverence for the traditions she was breaking or the talent she was humiliating last week at Hot Springs, Va., 22-year-old Catherine Lacoste, of such well-known golfing centers as Paris and Biarritz, became the first amateur ever to win the U.S. Women's Open, the first foreigner to win it and the youngest player to win it.

While all the big names of the women's professional game stood around with sand in their shoes and egg on their sunglasses, Miss Lacoste made beating them look ludicrously simple. For three days she played the short but exacting upper course of the Cascades Golf Club with such consistency that on the last day she could even allow herself the luxury of a blowup and still win with a 71-70-74-79—294 that was good enough to beat runners-up Beth Stone and Susie Maxwell by two strokes.

While Miss Lacoste was performing in such a professional manner, the real professionals, including the leading money-winners of the Ladies' PGA, were playing not as if mere cash was at stake, but their very last dollar. Kathy Whitworth started off on Thursday with an 81, as did Jo Ann Prentice. Sandra Haynie had an opening-day 70 that preserved the pros' honor and immediately followed it with a 79 on Friday. Who couldn't break 80 that day? Mickey Wright, Judy Torluemke, Marlene Bauer Hagge and Betsy Rawls, to drop a few familiar names. As she came into the final holes Friday, Miss Lacoste found herself with an eight-stroke lead on the entire field. By Saturday Carol Mann was about the top U.S. pro still in the running, so Carol shot an 82. "It detracts from us as champions to have an amateur beat us," Miss Mann said that night. "But what can we do?"

In the face of the way Miss Lacoste was playing, they couldn't do much ex-



In a merry mood while piling up an early lead, the winner shares the fun with her gallery

cept realize that they had been hit with one of the biggest golf upsets since Ouzmet unglued Vardon and Ray half a century ago at Brookline.

The young lady responsible for last week's marvelous misdeed is constructed along the lines of Jack Nicklaus, with nerves to match. Though golf is so popular in her home country that crowds numbering in the 10s sometimes watch top events like the French Open, Miss Lacoste does have a strong golf background. Her father, René Lacoste, twice a Wimbledon and U.S. tennis champion, is the founder of the company that keeps the world's golfers in alligator shirts—Chemo Lacoste. Her mother, the former Simone Tison de la Chaume, won the British Women's Open about the time her father was victorious at Wimbledon in 1927. Today the family owns Golf de Chantaco, near Biarritz, where Catherine learned the game, and a home near Paris on the Saint-Nom-La-Breche course that was the site of the 1963 Canada Cup. "I was brought up in golf," she says.

Unlike the pros, who were playing in Cincinnati the week before, Miss Lacoste had a chance to acclimate herself to conditions at Cascades, and she took advantage of it. Fresh from a successful spring, in which she had won two French championships, including the Women's Amateur, she arrived at Cascades eight days before the tournament was to begin. In her second practice round she shot a 69 and beat the club pro.

As is done with the Men's Open, the USGA tailors a course to its own tough standards for the Women's Open. Consequently, the lady pros, who have become accustomed on the LPGA tour to courses that are long but have easy pin positions, faced a situation they were not familiar with at Cascades, where USGA Executive Director Joe Dey shortened the total yardage to 6,191, but placed the pins in extremely demanding spots. This may have been one reason why the pros were put on the defensive by the fine Cascades course. They kept hitting their usual low iron shots and watching them scoot past the pins and over the greens, from where they were having trouble saving pars. Lacoste, meanwhile, was taking advantage of her very powerful upright swing to hit high approach shots that held the slick greens.

The events of the first day gave little hint of what was to come. Mickey

Wright—always the favorite at a women's tournament—had arrived and announced that she was giving up smoking, just like Arnold Palmer. The STP girls were ready for action, these being the nine younger players who have been outfitted in red jackets given to them by a motor-oil company. There was the usual horrowing of hair shampoo and the unusual excitement of a pending wedding, that of Judy Torluemke who announced she was quitting the tour a day before Miss Lacoste gave most of the other women pros the same idea.

On Thursday, Sandra Haynie, who plays out of Colonial in Fort Worth but says she has never seen Ben Hogan, much less talked to him, began the 1967 Women's Open by treating Cascades with professional coolness. Two under par for a time, she finished with a handy one-under-par 70 to be the leader. At 71, and causing no concern, was Lacoste.

But Friday, while the pros were struggling around the Virginia mountainside, France's latest insult to America was playing her same smooth game again, and putting superbly to finish with a 70 that was suddenly good for a five-stroke lead. "Her putting amazes me," said Susie Maxwell, "especially from four or five feet. She never misses."

That night Catherine called her parents, as she did every evening, to report that France was conquering just as it had at Forest Hills in Daddy's day, and then she spent some time giving a small girl a horseback ride around the Cascades Inn. But life was less relaxed elsewhere. Mickey Wright, shaken over her 80, was smoking furiously. "I've done everything but whiff the ball," she said, inhaling deeply. "I'm not going to try to kick this until the winter. It's no use fighting it and playing golf at the same time."

There was considerable feeling, understandably, that Saturday would see a different Lacoste. The name of Marty Fleckman, the amateur who led the Men's Open two weeks ago and eventually blew to an 80, kept coming up. There was also a technical reason for hope. It had been observed that as grooved as Miss Lacoste was with almost every other shot, she seemed to go to a different swing when hitting a driver, a wild Gary Player type of swoop and slap that would be hard to control under pressure.

When Miss Lacoste went four over par on the front nine Saturday afternoon the 1-told-you-so smirks began to appear.

But two hours later they had turned to we're-dead frowns. Miss Lacoste had rallied with a 34 and had her five-stroke lead once again. With that, most of the pros did not bother to go to the practice tee after completing their Saturday rounds, and Mickey Wright was headed west, having dropped out after receiving news of her half brother's death.

"Mickey is the one who could have made a charge," said Carol Mann, "but she won't even be here tomorrow. Everyone else is completely out of it. I really don't think that girl knows what she is doing. She is beating the best professional golfers in the world, that's all."

She was also dancing a wild Charleston at her hotel that night.

Miss Lacoste has a theory about the game, and on Sunday it was put to a severe test. "With amateurs, golf is all psychology," she says. "You can't let anything disturb you. If you have your game and you play it, everything will go well."

In the end, it was playing her game that won for her. When Margie Masters, the Australian who was in second place, double-bogged the first hole, Miss Lacoste had a seven-stroke lead. Then she let it slip away with a long string of bogeys, six in seven holes.

By the time she reached 17 she was only one stroke ahead, but then she must have remembered to play her own game. She hit a wonderfully bold eight-iron over a pond and right at the pin, which was tight to the water. The ball stopped six feet from the hole, and she rammed the birdie putt in so hard it bounced into the air before dropping.

On 18, a par 3 that is again over water, she came through with a very crisp iron that backed up sharply on the rain-soaked green. A 24-footer was just short, and she tapped the ball in and broke into tears. Then she signed her card and rushed to phone her parents. "I told them I played like a clod all day," she said. "They just told me, 'Bravo!'"

Minutes later René's daughter, composed again, was being presented with the USGA's big silver trophy. More or less unnoticed in the victory celebration was the \$5,000 winner's check. It, along with second-place money, was unobtrusively handed to the top professionals, Misses Maxwell and Stone, but then one should not get excited about money in a sport dominated by an amateur.

"I don't believe it," said Maxwell to Lacoste, "but you did it." **END**

In the 52 years that he has been alive and smiling Thomas Patrick Dougan of Newport Beach, Calif. has known good times and bad, at work and at play. On the golf course he has sometimes eagled and frequently bogeyed. At poker he has sometimes filled an inside straight and has often drawn junk. In World War II, because of four teeth lost on the playing fields (where wars are supposedly won), he was rejected as officer material and made a Navy cook.

Pat Dougan has been bilked once or twice in the business world, too, but he has ended up a success—such a success that in early 1964 he could afford to take as reckless a step as any genial, brainy Irishman ever took. In a tax-heavy age when very few men can even afford the thought Dougan up and bought the handsome but obsolete 1958 America's Cup defender *Columbia*. He not only bought her, but on short notice he jumped right into the 1964 America's Cup selection trials against newer, smarter boats and took a licking, losing 15 races and winning only three.

As anyone with a grasp of yachting

history knows, an America's Cup competition is the record of smart, genial Irishmen is definitely not good. Sir Thomas Lipton, Belfast's lovable old dispenser of tea leaves and Gaelic charm, tried for 30 years to win the cup and never did. But with utter disregard for the Irish jinx Pat Dougan is once again pitting his *Columbia* against three other expensive, windblown American beauties, *Intrepid*, *Constellation* and *American Eagle*, for the honor of defending the cup against *Dame Pattie*. Although her crew—sailing another ancient defender, *Weatherly*—has already faced the other contenders in a set of preliminary trials (SI, June 26), *Columbia* herself will meet them for the first time in the observation trials off Newport this week.

Columbia, like two of her rivals, *Constellation* and *Intrepid*, was created by the master designer, Olin Stephens. Because *Intrepid* is the latest 12-meter yacht to emerge from Stephens' complicated brain, she is the obvious favorite, but railbirds who want a good long shot might consider Dougan's boat for several reasons. For one thing, although

there is a certain mellow similarity between the two men, Dougan is definitely not a latter-day Lipton. As devoted as Sir Thomas was to the America's Cup quest, he never personally got into the fray much deeper than his wallet. In his most lucid moments Sir Tommy barely knew the difference between a bowsprit and a boomkin.

In contrast, as owner and skipper of *Columbia*, for the past year, Pat Dougan has not only been paying through the nose, but he has also been up to his armpits—and occasionally over his head—in the actual campaign.

Furthermore, although Dougan's *Columbia*, statistically speaking, is now the oldest contender, she is no longer the old-fashioned girl she used to be. The original *Columbia* came off Olin Stephens' drawing board in 1957. She was one of the first 12-meters of the postwar era, designed to get more power out of synthetic sails than the pre-World War II 12s could ever get from their baggy canvas. She was good enough to defend the cup against the feeble English effort in 1958, but never was good

"*Columbia*," America's Cup heroine of 1958, is a vivacious contender once again, thanks to Patrick Dougan (right) by COLES PHINIZY

**THERE'S LIFE
IN THE
OLD GIRL YET**



enough, or sailed well enough, thereafter. The fact that a new America's Cup course was adopted in 1964, putting a heavy premium on work to windward, was sufficient to make the old *Columbia* obsolete.

Indeed, by returning East for another try with a boat that he insists on calling *Columbia*, Pat Dougan comes close to committing fraud. Counting ribs, skid, keel, bulkheads, scantlings, spars, fittings, rigging and whatnot, there is only about 30% of the original *Columbia* in Dougan's boat. To be completely honest, Dougan should change her name from *Columbia* to *Califumbia*, because most of the present boat, though based on redesign work by Stephens, was constructed in San Diego. Because of all the alterations, Dougan's *Califumbia* (or *Columbia*, if you insist) is, in effect, the second newest and second most promising 12-meter yacht in the trials.

From amidships aft the new *Columbia* is entirely new. The original winglass configuration of her after sections has been replaced by a more V-shaped form. The keel of *Columbia* is now like that of her younger sister, *Constellation*, the successful defender of the cup in 1964. To make the most of her measured waterline length, in the after sections of the hull *Columbia's* lines have been drawn out like those of the still younger *Intrepid*, the newest contender.

Columbia's deck, never too junky, is now as uncluttered, efficient and uninviting-looking as a hospital bed. From the centerline her deck slopes downward two or three degrees to her outboard rails, and she does not even have a toe rail to help keep her deckhands aboard. To survive and do their work commendably on a bouncy, windy day, *Columbia's* deck slaves need the hewn of King Kong and the surefootedness of a chamois.

From tank tests it is known that the new *Columbia* is as much an improvement over *Constellation* as *Constellation* was over the original *Columbia*. Since there is no comparable tank data available, no one knows how the revamped *Columbia* measures against *Intrepid*, the newest girl in the game. *Columbia* might prove to be no match at all—or she might be just as good, or she might be better. Designer

continued



IN 20-KNOT WIND "COLUMBIA 5" CREW FIGHTS TO SAVE HER SAILS AND BROKEN MAST

Stephens confesses: "My sympathies, generally speaking, are with the newer boat. Anybody who does this kind of work likes to see his newest ideas proved out. But, pulling against this feeling, I have a fondness for the older boats, *Columbia* and *Constellation*. It is important to remember that the more you try to improve 12-meter design, the more you run the risk of stubbing your toe and falling down badly."

In its erratic, fitful history the America's Cup has attracted a wild variety of sportsmen, ranging from very cool cucumbers such as Harold Vanderbilt to firebrands like England's Earl of Dunraven, who had the emotional stability of a Roman candle. Considering his origins, Thomas Patrick Dougan is as unlikely an America's Cup devotee as you might find. He was born in the town of Maryville, in the flat northwest corner of Missouri, about as far from sea water as it is possible to get in the U.S. Dougan graduated second in his class from the local parochial high school—a distinction that becomes somewhat undistinguished when you consider that there were only eight seniors that year. He attended Northwest Missouri State College, right there in Maryville, for two and a half years, and then in December of 1934 he got in his car and headed west.

To finance the trip, 20-year-old Dougan took two creaky 30-year-old school-

marms along as paying passengers. As he now recalls, smiling and blushing, he arrived in Los Angeles safely, with his outlook broadened but his morals still intact. His original intention had been merely to visit briefly in southern California, the land of instant miracles. Although the only miracles he witnessed in his first week were wrought on New Year's Day by two other tourists from Alabama—Dixie Howell and Don Hutson, who squashed Stanford 29-13 in the Rose Bowl—Dougan fell in love with the promised land and stayed.

Lest anyone assume that Pat Dougan was some kind of a nut to become enraptured so quickly by Los Angeles, it is only fair to point out that in that long-gone day the word *smog* had not been coined, the scent of orange blossoms hung over the land and it was possible to drive from Los Angeles to Long Beach without losing a fender. "Back then the air was soft," Dougan recalls, "and so clear you could see ants crawling on the sides of the mountains."

Since migrating to California 32 years ago, Dougan has occasionally fallen in love in improbable ways at improbable times. Friends who know him well attest that once he falls in love he does not fall out again. This quirk—or virtue—explains as well as anything why he is still happily married to his real, church-recognized wife, even though three years

ago he took up with the old 12-meter girl, *Columbia*, and has been equally loyal to her.

Dougan's first job in Los Angeles was in the bedding-and-mattress department of Barker Brothers Home Furnishings at Seventh and Figueroa. When a couple named Bailey came into Barker Brothers they did not get back out until Dougan had sold them not only bedding but chairs, sofas, tables, lamps, rugs, kitchen appliances and everything for their home. And even then they were not through with Dougan. He subsequently asked their daughter, Catherine, for her hand and got it. Pat and Catherine Dougan have lived happily together ever since, except for the closing year of World War II, when he was shipped off to the recaptured island of Guam and given the responsibility of feeding 7,000 sailors. Although by then the shooting was over on Guam, for Dougan, T.P., Navy Cook, First Class, the war was still hell. U.S. marines, dissatisfied with their own grub, kept infiltrating his Navy mess, and 10 Japanese holdouts were captured in his chow lines.

After the war Dougan went into the foam-rubber business. The route of his progress upward—and sometimes sideways—in various companies is enough to befuddle both Mr. Dun and Mr. Bradstreet. To understand Dougan, it is sufficient only to know that in the process of succeeding as a foam-rubber man he fell in love again—this time with a neglected Cinderella of the industry, an extraordinary foaming petroleum derivative called urethane. Urethane was developed by the Germans and first used by them as structural coring in the V-2 rockets that terrorized London in World War II. Today, in some form or other—flexible or rigid, featherlight or dense as mahogany—urethane foam is used in packaging, cushioning, insulating, sound-dampening, flotation, construction and so forth. Teen-age America now rides on surfboards made of urethane. When she sings, Julie Andrews is frequently surrounded by urethane stage props. When the Viet Cong artillery mucks up an airstrip, a properly compounded urethane liquid and catalyst are poured into each shell crater and, presto chango, the hole fills up with a dense, rigid foam. (Any homeowner who contemplates using urethane to fill the holes dug in his yard by neighborhood kids

LAUNCHED LAST NOVEMBER, REVAMPED COLUMBIA GOT HALF YEAR'S JUMP ON RIVALS

and their dogs is hereby warned: if a little too much of the wrong mixture is poured in a hole, the homeowner may end up with Mr. Rushmore on his front lawn.) In the 1950s entrepreneurs of all sorts tried to cash in on the miraculous foaming urethane. A great many of them are now in their financial graves. Dougan survived because he and his colleagues were not so much interested in realizing a quick profit as investigating the future of the magic potion. Dougan is now employed by the Upjohn Company as president of their Chemical Plastics Research Division, which continues to investigate the potentials of urethane. The soft pads on the legs of the first Surveyor satellite to land on the moon came from Dougan's plant.

Dougan contracted the dread disease, America's Cup-itis, primarily because he started spending his summers south of Los Angeles in Newport Beach, a sailing community where saltiness runs comfortably ahead of godliness on the list of acceptable virtues. By the time Dougan moved to Newport Beach on a permanent basis he and his five children were so well marinated that he wanted to buy an ocean-racing yacht of his own. He considered two of the good second-hand buys then on the market—the distinguished sea-roving yawl *Boiero* and the cutter *Nam Sang*. Before he made a decision *Columbia*, the old gem of the ocean, came up for sale. Dougan fired in a bid by wire in mid-April of 1964 and owned her two days later. He had every intention of converting her into a racing-cruising yacht, but love again blinded him. "When I went East to look at her," he relates, "even though she was covered with dust in Luden's shed in Stamford she was very, very beautiful to me." Dougan postponed the conversion and, instead, entered old *Columbia* in the 1964 cup trials, banking on used sails and a 30-day-wonder crew that had zeal and little else going for it. Even after doing very poorly in the trials Dougan did not have the heart to carry out his plan to turn the old America's Cupper into the seafarer she was never meant to be.

Although Olin Stephens is certainly her true father, the new *Columbia* curiously reflects the personality of Skipper Dougan: when she moves through the water she is easy and uncompaining. Comparing the redesigned hull with the original, Gerry Driscoll, the San Diegoan

who rebuilt it—and who was slated to be at the helm in the present campaign—says, "The new *Columbia* is much quieter and easier. She has almost no quarter wave. There was a bow nose in the old hull. The bow used to grumble—that's the only word I know to describe it. When you were at the helm you could hear it and feel it, and now you do not. Whether it is because of additional displacement aft or the new after shape, I do not know."

Although she is no longer a grumbler, in her months of prepping for the impending trials, the new *Columbia* had troubles enough. Her sails did not all fit, she broke a mast, deadlines were not met and miscalculations were made in her measurements, so that with some sails she was not taking full advantage of her allowance under the 12-meter rule. Worst of all, Helmsman Gerry Driscoll up and quit for reasons that he decently refuses to discuss and that still remain obscure in Skipper Dougan's mind. Although with the withdrawal of Driscoll he lost as fine a helmsman as the West Coast has, Dougan lucked out. It so happened that several years earlier Briggs Cunningham, the sportsman nonpareil who steered *Columbia* to victory in 1958, had left the hard-rock Connecticut coast and taken up residence on the sagging shores of southern California. When drafted by Dougan, Cunningham was willing to serve as *Columbia's* helmsman again. (You can't buy that kind of luck. It happens only to Irishmen.) As he faces up to the present trials, Cunningham has only one doubt: whether he, a human now older and incapable of renovation, still has what it takes to do justice to the new, redesigned boat.

Outwardly Skipper Dougan seems to be the type who could smile his way through any troubled sea, and on his nonbusiness days, when he is operating *pour le sport* aboard *Columbia*, he is faithful to this image. Back in mid-May, when *Columbia* broke her mast in the process of testing a new, ill-fitting sail, Dougan was in the cockpit. As \$20,000 worth of dreams, aspirations, aluminum and Dacron came tumbling down, Dougan said simply, "Well, sir, there she goes." To appreciate Dougan in toto, to understand the ticking brain that lies behind the smile, it is necessary to visit his office at the CPR Division of Upjohn in the smoggy heat of Torrance, Calif. When the weight of business is upon

him, why, Dougan sometimes goes for as long as 10 minutes without smiling at all. When talking to subalterns across his desk, spouting facts, figures and formulas, Dougan occasionally leans back in his chair, but he always keeps both feet firmly planted, as if he expected the San Andreas Fault suddenly to open up underneath him. In a crisis his lower lip puckers into a Churchillian pout, and his eyes take on the intentness of a Tory bulldog who is about to plant a few teeth in the opposition. In the course of an hour Dougan may not move from his chair, but in that time his spectacles travel about half a mile. He jabs the air with them, he waves them in circles to emphasize a point. He polishes the lenses on his pants leg. He rubs the nose-piece of the spectacles between his thumb and forefinger. He folds the earpieces of the spectacles in and out and in, and he occasionally chews on the end of one of them. Every now and again he reaches over with his starboard hand and tries to scratch his port ear. About once an hour the spectacles come to rest on his nose in front of his eyes. Dougan claims that he never loses spectacles, but he admits that he wears out three pairs a year.

However well *Columbia*, the nautical love of his life, fares in the coming trials, Dougan will go home something of a winner. By giving it a serious go this year, he is opening the door for the West and making the U.S. cup defense, for the first time in its long and not altogether healthy life, a genuinely national affair. In the past, western sailors of financial consequence have been reluctant to give it a try, some because they doubted a western boat could get a fair shake back East, others because they did not feel it was possible to recruit a competent crew that would devote three months to the cause while their businesses went into the red and their wives packed off to Reno. Dougan simply ignored all the ghosts of what might happen, confident that if he got a boat of promise the proper talent would rally to her. Gerry Driscoll has this to say: "I can remember long ago, shortly after the war, there was talk of getting a California boat in the America's Cup, but usually the biggest talk was right after a cup series, when talking was easy. Pat Dougan deserves a great deal of credit, because while others talked, he did something. Yes, Pat did something."

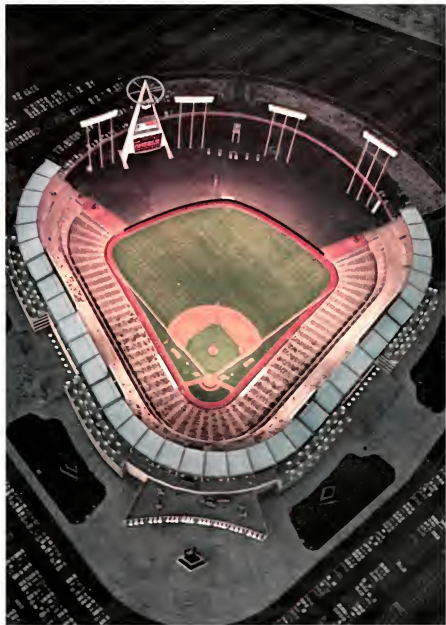
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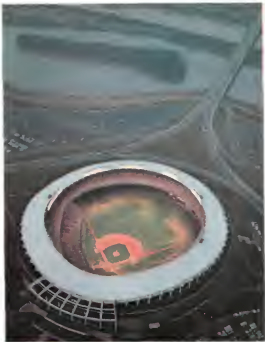
Round as circus tents or shaped like amoebas, America's newest palaces of sport boast symmetrical baseball fields, mighty candlepower and cantilevered upper decks that remove the need for view-blocking pillars. Still, there are fans who dislike these architectural wonders. They love the old peculiarities: the short left field in Fenway Park, the center-field monuments in Yankee Stadium. But the newcomers have personalities, too. Candlestick Park in San Francisco has a chilly wind that makes ball and ballplayer do funny things. L.A.'s Dodger Stadium is called the "brickyard" because of its hard infield. The scoreboard screen in the enclosed Astrodome leads cheers and infuriates visiting managers. Shea Stadium, home of the New York Mets and Jets, is engulfed in the roar of jets taking off from nearby LaGuardia Airport. And each of the structures of the '60s on the following pages is already rich with memories of great catches, key hits and gobbled hot dogs.

STADIUMS OF THE '60s

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

Sitting in the middle of what used to be an orange grove, Anaheim Stadium has brought major league baseball (and the All-Star Game this year) to the home town of Disneyland.





Most meticulously situated of the new ball parks is D.C. Stadium (above). Home plate, the mound and second base are on the famous line that extends due east through the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument and the Capitol. The New York skyline is eight miles west of Shea Stadium (left), which lies between LaGuardia Airport and the site of the 1964 New York World's Fair. Dodger Stadium (right) squats like a huge spider in a vast web of parked cars just north of the tangle of freeways and large buildings that denotes the center of downtown Los Angeles.





Eero Saarinen's stainless-steel Gateway Arch, the broad Mississippi River and sun-splashed

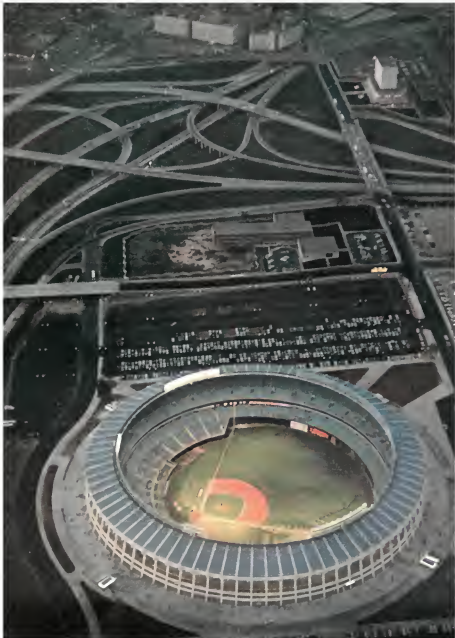


Illinois provide a spectacular backdrop for Busch Memorial Stadium in St. Louis, hard by the business district.



The Astrodome in Houston (left, reflected futuristically in a highly polished mirror) costumes its parking attendants in spacemen's garb. Atlanta Stadium (right), a 50c cab ride from "Five Points," the heart of the city, was built in 51 rapid weeks expressly to attract a big-league ball club—which, of course, it succeeded in doing. The oldest of the new stadiums, Candlestick Park (below), is exposed to wind and fog on its narrow shelf between a raw hillside and San Francisco Bay.





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When Izaak Walton wrote, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling," he expressed a truth of his age. The sport was, as Walton's friend Sir Henry Wotton put it, "a rest to my mind, a cheerer of my spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness." But that was before women discovered what a juicy apple the sport of fishing—especially big-game fishing—really was. Ever since the ladies began angling in earnest, there have been few activities less calm, less quiet or less innocent. From the beginning, the female approach to angling was unlike any Izaak Walton ever dreamed of. Women tackled the

sport like commandos establishing a beachhead, invading in force, storming male territory. By the time the men realized what had happened, the ladies were firmly fastened into fighting chairs and had no intention of giving them up.

The next step was predictable. In April 1955 the International Women's Fishing Association was formed in Palm Beach, Fla., a logical place for ladies to assemble. In addition to an embarrassment of money, mansions and nongals, Palm Beach, in season, boasts what is probably the heaviest concentration of anglers anywhere in the U.S. It also has better than its share of fish and fishing tournaments. The ladies of the IWFA, whose numbers rose from three initial

members to almost 300 before the organization was a year old, promptly added a few events of their own to the tournament roster. Men were not invited to participate. In light of that first all-female tournament, it was probably just as well.

Sixty-six entries turned out for the initial IWFA Billfish Tournament in January 1956, but it was clear even before they took off from the dock that the transition from chaise longue to fighting chair had not been made quite as gracefully as rumored. The gals showed up in what had to be the most unorthodox array of angling attire ever assembled. The costumes ranged from long Johns, galoshes and fur parkas to silk *continued*

The day that women discovered the rewards of big-game fishing, the rout of man was on. With frightening dedication they have taken over the record book—hook, line and charter captain **by VIRGINIA KRAFT**

SCOURGE OF THE SEVEN SEAS



pants and Chanel sweaters. One woman climbed aboard in a full-length mink, another in gold lamé slacks. Heads were rolled, ribboned and ruffled with lace. Nobody wore high heels, it is comforting to report, but heels could not have been any more hazardous than some of the other odd footwear on deck.

The weather did not make things any easier. It was, as January in Florida often can be, terrible. A raging norther sent 10-foot waves crashing across sterns and into cockpits, pushing temperatures to record lows and tossing the 32 small fishing boats around on the ocean like kernels of corn in a popper. Keeping breakfast down was only one challenge; staying upright was another. Women were thrown into transoms, against bait boxes, down galley ladders. They were bruised, battered and bounced about for two days without letup.

One woman spent the entire tournament in the head. Another gratefully dropped everything and rushed shoreward when word came over the radio that her poodle was about to produce puppies. A middle-aged matron slept, incredibly, through two strikes and then woke up only long enough to be sick over the side. Another tossed sandwich and cigarettes overboard when a wave snapped her line from the outrigger. Still another froze after striking her fish and then watched transfixed as line whizzed off her reel until finally there was no more. "Was I surprised?" she said later.

Surprised was not exactly the way to describe the crews. "Five fish on, five lost," mumbled one captain. "Let's go get drunk." Most of them did, but they also managed to get the ladies through the tournament.

At its end, remarkably, the score stood at 82 sailfish, all caught under conditions that would have discouraged Sir Francis Chichester. Even the most begrudging captain had to admit that, if nothing else, the girls were game. Before long the captains were also admitting, reluctantly or not, that there was nothing more formidable than a female who has learned how to fish.

Soon after their first billfish tournament, the IWFA was invited by the *Club Nautico Internacional de la Habana* to send a team to Havana to compete in the International Marlin Fishing Tournament for the Hemingway Trophy, an annual event that attracted top anglers

from the entire Western Hemisphere. The Cubans, it seemed, considered the ladies no threat. Ha!

The girls cleaned up. Competing from a borrowed boat in high seas and strong winds that cut the original fleet from 86 to 50 boats, Mrs. Thomas Sherwood, one of the IWFA's three founding members, Mrs. Milton Bird and Mrs. Joseph Dixon, the lone females in the tournament, outfished 14 teams and 194 anglers—including Papa himself, who in three days aboard the *Pilar* did not catch a single fish. The IWFA victory was, as one Havana daily put it, "a new kind of revolution."

The revolution did not end with tournaments. World records began falling to women so fast that by the time the IWFA was 5 years old 23 of its members accounted for 27 of the world-record catches in the International Game Fish Association book.

But the IGFA record book, impressive though it may be, is no longer the *arbitrator* of angling. The ladies changed that, too. IGFA records are based upon weights, and in order to weigh a fish obviously it must be dead. The ladies' objection was not to killing fish—even the most conservation-minded angler has little objection to killing a fish that is to be eaten or mounted—but, rather, to wasting fish. With the exception of swordfish, few billfish are eaten or mounted. After the pictures are taken, most are left to rot at the dock or are tossed to the sharks. Even among edible species, waste is high. It was too high for the women.

After a fish has been hooked, played and brought to gaff, they reasoned, why not set it free to fight again? Certainly the moment of truth for the angler comes not when the mate thrusts his gaff into the side of the fish, but rather just before, when the fish is at last brought alongside the boat. The test of the angler's skill ends here. For all practical purposes, the fish has been caught. To kill it tests only the efficiency of the mate.

Boostered by such irrefutable logic, the IWFA set up its own reward system based not on fish boated but on fish released. The purpose is not to discourage members from making further bids for IGFA records—no woman would underwrite that kind of foolishness—but to encourage them to release fish that are clearly not of record size. Informed anglers, and

most IWFA members are, can usually tell whether a fish has a fighting chance to make the books long before it is brought alongside the boat. The lady may have trouble figuring out the phone bill, but give her one glimpse of a leaping sailfish at 200 yards and with computer speed she will come up with a pretty accurate estimate of its length, weight and girth. Unless it is an obvious challenge to the record, there is no point in boating the fish. But by releasing it she can earn points—the kind that eventually add up to prizes.

Such serious angling for points demands remarkable discipline and meticulous bookkeeping. Not unexpectedly it has produced criticism of what less award-oriented anglers call an overemphasis on scores at the expense of sport. But, in spite of such criticism, the release-fishing concept has proved an incalculable contribution to conservation. Its widespread acceptance among virtually all angling groups today can be attributed almost entirely to the early efforts of the IWFA.

Bouquets are equally owed the ladies for their pioneering efforts in the use of light tackle—although the sincerity of their motives has sometimes been questioned. Nowhere in the battle of female vs. male angling have women excelled as dramatically as in light-tackle fishing, and nowhere have their accomplishments proved quite so frustrating to men.

The light-tackle revolution, along with the female revolution, began in the mid '50s and steadily gathered momentum along with the IWFA. Male anglers embraced the movement wholeheartedly. By the time they understood its full ramifications it was too late. Again they had been had, but good.

"Men just don't have the patience for light tackle," says Mrs. Helen (Billie) Lynch of Pompano Beach, Fla., who obviously does—if her record of fishing trophies is an indication. "A man gets a big fish on light line and he can't wait to whip hell out of it. Right away he starts horsing it on, and *zap!* the line breaks. Then he turns around and blames it on the captain instead of on his own stupidity. Women don't fish that way. They know brawn never beats brains on the really light stuff, but try to tell that to a man!"

Trying to tell anything about angling to a man can be, in itself, a Herculean feat

—a fact that has hastened considerably his fall from the fighting chair. The most damning witnesses to the capitulation are the fishing-boat captains, who recall, hear all and seldom mind telling all.

"Give some guy two weeks with an outdoor magazine and two days on a boat and he thinks he's written the book," says George Staros, one of the masters of the Fort Lauderdale sport-fishing fleet. "Women approach the sport differently. They listen to what you tell them, then they go ahead and do what you say, exactly the way you say it. They don't feel they are losing their dignity by taking directions."

"No matter how much they learn," adds Staros' brother, Bill, captain of the *Windang*, "women keep right on asking questions. That way they keep adding to their skills. But no matter how good they get—and some of these women are really good—they never act like they know more than the captain. That's why women are a lot easier to teach and to get along with on the water. It's also why they catch fish when men don't."

It took men five years to win the Key Colony Beach Sailfish Tournament, and then the male victory was decided on the basis of time by breaking a tie with two women. When the late Dorothea Lincoln Dean won the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament in 1963, the upset was comparable to a George Plimpton knocking out Muhammad Ali. The same year Dorothea went to Newfoundland where she boated five giant tuna in a single day for a total catch of more than 2,800 pounds, a feat that made her as well-known as the Queen in that province.

Last year's World Series of Sport Fishing was won by another IWFA member, Mrs. Gloria Nicholson of Palm Beach. That city's annual Silver Sailfish Tournament, probably the best-known open contest on the Florida coast, has been won any number of times by women, as have most of the tournaments in which they are eligible to fish.

Such feminine angling skill is not limited to the deep sea. Women like Mrs. H. Howard Babcock of New York, Mrs. LaMont Albertson of West Palm Beach, Fla. and Mrs. D. Gordon Rupe of Dallas are among the finest freshwater anglers in the U.S. Indeed, IWFA member Joan Salvato has cast a fly 161 feet with a one-handed rod—just a few feet short of the men's record for this event.



The almost fanatical determination that women bring to angling has won them as much notice among the professionals as has their prowess. One woman had an engine blow up while she was fighting a fish. She kept right on while the captain and mate fought the fire. Another, pulled to her knees by a giant tuna, cracked her mouth on the transom and lost a front tooth in the process. When the mate ran to help her, she told him in decidedly unladylike terms exactly what his fate would be if he so much as put a finger to her gear.

It is an inviolate rule that no one but the angler may touch any part of the rod, reel and line while a fish is on. The rule applies even if the reel falls apart, as it did to Mrs. John Stetson of Palm Beach during a tournament at Palm Beach in 1965. With a sailfish tugging on her line and with nuts and bolts strewn all over the deck, she calmly asked the mate for a screwdriver, put the reel back in working order and then proceeded to land the fish.

Other women have fought fish in braces, in plaster casts, while short full of novocain, in the throes of *mal de mer*, the final stages of pregnancy and during a variety of illnesses that ordinarily would hospitalize less determined anglers. Still others have passed up confirmations, graduations and luncheons with rich relatives and have even abandoned vigils outside the operating rooms of loved ones in order to go fishing.

One woman interrupted her honeymoon, leaving her spouse in an empty bridal suite 200 miles away, to fill a team for a recent IWFA tournament. Another, fishing from a 15-foot open boat off Marathon, Fla., hooked into a tarpon that appeared to be of record size. Five hours later, with the radio out, the hands of the clock past midnight and the boat now six miles off shore in treacherous water, the lady refused to listen to the near-panic pleas of the guide to cut the fish off and head home while they still had a chance. A shark, most likely male, put an abrupt end to the battle.

While the professionals agree on the angling abilities of women, they seem less sure about what inspires a woman to take up the sport. One thing is certain. She does not do so because of the fish. There is probably no single, all-encompassing reason why women angle, but the one that doubtless comes closest to the truth is men.

If the husband is a fisherman, he may persuade his wife to take up angling to keep him company, or to give him a chance to show off what he knows in front of her, or because he is not especially good at the sport himself but hopes to achieve a modicum of fame through his wife or because he wants to get her so hooked that he will have some free time to skip out on his own now and then.

Besides the fishing husband who lures his wife into the sport, there is also the fishing husband whose wife takes the

continues

initiative. She may be jealous of his sport or feel left out if she does not fish, too, or she may view angling as a unique opportunity to compete against him in an area where she has a good chance of beating him at his own game, or she may be consumed by curiosity about any activity that takes his time or captures his attention or, though such women are rare, she may simply want to be with him and to share his interest.

If her husband is not a fisherman, angling offers a woman even broader horizons. It is her entree to new adventures and new alliances. It is a thoroughly aboveboard excuse to get away from home and hubby as frequently as she wishes, to whip off to the islands or the interior or to one of a dozen resorts and spas where, alone, she might be viewed with suspicion, but where as an angler she is never alone. Her travels are always complete with rods, reels, boat and crew—a most respectable and businesslike combination. The fact that the captains and mates on the top sports-fishing boats are frequently young and handsome and that the husbands of women who can afford to fish such boats are more often than not old and faded though rich, is not entirely coincidental.

"Fishing is not all sunshine and soft breezes," explained one woman in defining the multifaceted relationship of

crew to female client. "The weather can get so vile on some of the tournaments in the islands that the boats do not get out of the harbor for four, five and even six days at a stretch. If you don't have a pleasant captain or mate, you might just as well fly home. There's nothing to do out there but drink and read, and one can do just so much of either."

"Let's face it," says another, "What other way in this one-sided society can a gal really swing on her own with not one but two paid escorts at her beck and call? Believe me, a woman could do a lot worse with her money."

Within the lush though limited captain market, trading is always brisk. The rules are simple: every gal for herself—and the stakes are high. Everything from swimming pools to sports cars (SI, Sept. 2, 1963) has been used to bribe captains out of one cockpit into another. The most popular captains move from angler to angler, and the loot they pile up along the way can be considerable. Several women, obviously of independent wealth, have even resorted to matrimony as the ultimate bribe. Marrying one's captain or mate was definitely out a few years ago, but it is currently in vogue in the most exclusive angling circles.

A first-class captain can make even a poor angler look good. Nobody knows this better than the first-class female ang-

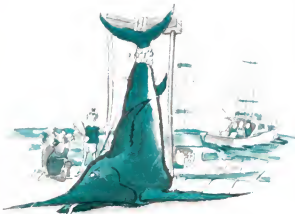
lers who have been making clean sweeps of the tournaments and record books in recent years. Where these women are concerned, no price is too high for a really top captain, but when they pay they expect more than play. The captains they hire, no matter how agreeable after hours, had better catch them fish or look for other jobs.

Dorothea Dean was particularly renowned for firing crews as fast as she hired them. "Usually she hired a crew for three months at a time," says Jake Marston, one of the many captains who fished her. "But if anyone else caught more fish than she did, or caught fish when she didn't, that was, 'Goodbye, boys.' She'd sign up another crew, and sometimes she was paying off four crews at once."

Money, obviously as vital as a good captain to big-time angling, was never a problem to Dorothea. She had more than she could spend, and she spent so much of it on angling that even Palm Beach's Old Guard finally had to admit that she lived there, too. When someone asked her not long before her death two years ago if she ever fished for fun and recreation, her answer was an unhesitating "Good heavens, no! If you mean just to go out and fish, never."

Dorothea began with a record book in her hand and an all-consuming desire in her heart to become the best-known angler in the world. She came very close. In the brief eight years that her entire fishing career spanned, she set more records, won more tournaments, collected more trophies than any other woman. She was written up in countless newspapers and magazines and was listed in *Who's Who of American Women*. Such rewards were not easily won. She fished with relentless, punishing dedication, sometimes for weeks without interruption, wearing out her crews, herself and, often, her welcome among other anglers. Fishing seemed to be a compulsion to Dorothea. She seldom sat in the fishing chair unless she had a fish on, and rarely did she watch the baits as a more interested angler would. Most of the time when she was not lighting a fish she reclined in the cabin, doing her nails or touching up her lipstick or reading a magazine.

What fishing really represented to Dorothea is perhaps best indicated by the fact that in the house in which she lived alone, every wall of every room



was solidly covered with framed prints, clippings, notices and notations about her fishing feats. Every trophy, plaque and award she had ever won was prominently displayed. The *Who's Who*—open to her name—lay on a table in the living room.

There is not likely to be another Dorothea Lincoln Dean in angling for some time, but several women since her death have shown flashes of the incredible drive that pushed her to the front of the sport. The late Mrs. Patricia Church of Palm Beach, for a brief two years before illness forced her to stop fishing last winter, seemed destined to rewrite all the records in the book. In her first year of angling she made an unprecedented sweep of the IWF's annual awards, winning not only the Crownshield Release Trophy but the top-weight trophy as well. Like Dorothea, she fished with a dedication close to fanaticism, trolling from 4 in the morning until after midnight, if necessary, to pile up points. There seemed to be little pleasure in the process.

Nor can there be much pleasure in the fishing Mrs. David C. Lake of Fort Lauderdale is doing this year. Her goal is not even so grand as the Crownshield Trophy, the IWF's No. 1 prize. It is to win the organization's sailfish release trophy, one of six that Mrs. Church won in 1964-65. But for Mrs. Lake it is evidently important enough to justify being away from her four small children for weeks at a time, turning her back on friends, her home and any semblance of what is considered a normal life in order to fish daily, often under miserable conditions, from dawn to dusk. The investment of at least \$20,000 in boat, captain, mate, bait and motel bills seems almost unendurable.

In this modern age of angling one cannot really take too seriously the captain-snatching, island-swinging, squaring-off of the sexes on the high seas, even though one can feel a certain sympathy for the egos that find bolstering through the sport of angling. But when a handful of women—in spite of their extraordinary accomplishments—can transform the once-peaceful pursuit into a frantic production, one cannot avoid wondering if fishing has not indeed strayed too far from its primary purpose.

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END

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A SMOOTH-STROKING CRIMSON CREW TIES UP AN ATTRACTIVE PACKAGE FOR CURT CANNING (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND HIS BRIDE

To Becky with love from all the Harvards

The Vesper Boat Club crew got off to a torrid start in the Pan American Games rowing trials at New York's Orchard Beach. But Harvard, undefeated this year, caught up at the halfway point and went on to win

Utah and rowing are about as synonymous as Illinois and mountain climbing. And Curt Canning, who hails from Salt Lake City, had never dipped an oar until he arrived at Cambridge, Mass. in the fall of 1964, after dropping plans to attend the University of Utah, where his father is a professor of sociology. "When I went home for Christmas vacation my freshman year," Canning says, "I had to do a lot of talking to get any of my friends to believe that the sport was taken seriously back east." Canning's relatives and friends in Utah have learned a good deal about rowing since Curt found a seat on the Harvard varsity crew last year.

One very close friend heard more than any of them about the sport. A 21-year-old former high school classmate of Canning's, she has just completed her junior year at the University of Utah and also has just changed her name from Becky Petersen to Becky Canning. Last Saturday night on the flight home for his marriage, Canning carried with him what he termed "a good wedding present." The gift? A Harvard victory of nearly two lengths over Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia in the U.S. Pan American Games rowing trials on New York's Orchard Beach Lagoon early Saturday evening. Thus the new Mrs. Canning's honeymoon was a trip back to Cambridge in time for the resumption of workouts for the Pan American Games in Winnipeg, Man. early next month.

Only four crews took part in the trials for eight-oared boats with coxswain, but Harvard, which has lost only three races in more than four years, had its hands full. Pennsylvania's 1967 Inter-collegiate Rowing Association champions were out to avenge earlier losses to the Crimson. And while Penn and Harvard were the known quantities in the race, the two crews entered by Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia were the mystery.

Vesper's A crew was not the combination that had brought home an Olympic gold medal from Tokyo in 1964. Only remnants of that boat were evident. The ageless coxswain, Robert Zimonyi, who steered three Hungarian Olympic crews as well as the 1964 U.S. Olympic representative, was once again wearing the Vesper colors, as were Bill Stowe, the stroke of the 1964 Olympians, and Hugh Foley, the No. 2 man on that crew. To help his three veterans, Vesper Coach Dietrich Rose had filled his first boat with a complement of small-college rowing products. Together only since the second week in May, the boat had competed in one regatta—the American Henley—and finished first against less-than-stiff competition. But Harvard Coach Harry Parker was far from being overconfident. The numbing experience of two losses to Vesper in 1964 and one in 1965 (Harvard's only rowing defeats since 1963) were more than enough to keep the Crimson on edge.

When the eight-oared shells got away from the starting line in the approaching dusk, Vesper set off at a torrid cadence of 50, and Harvard seemed to wallow behind. Over the first 500 meters the Philadelphia club led by as much as three-quarters of a length. Parker's crew started to settle down in the second 500 meters and, moving into a 36-stroke beat, began to eat away at the Vesper lead. Harvard took the lead at about the 1,000-meter mark to hold it to the finish. Near the end the Vesper boat put on a sprint, but Harvard stuck to a 36 count to win in 6:15.4 with Vesper just nipping Penn by half a length for second place.

"We've been taking good starts," Canning noted after the race, "but we really handicapped ourselves with this one." It was the first time Harvard had trailed any crew since a come-from-behind victory over Northeastern in early April.

The performance of Vesper's A entry over the first 1,000 meters pleased the usually expressionless Rose. "Everything worked out up to 1,000, and then . . . Harvard was better, so we have to get better."

Not all is lost for Rose. And everything is not roses for Parker. For, as Rose himself says, "The war is still on." between Vesper and Harvard. The next battle will come when the two meet in late August in the nationals in Philadelphia. By that time Becky Canning should have a few more wedding presents from the Harvard crew. **END**

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Beating 17 greens and a brown

Bill Casper wins the \$200,000 Canadian Open with superb putting on an eccentric course

The \$200,000 Canadian Open, or Omnium Canadien, or Expo Open, as it came to be known somewhere along the line, had all the makings of one of pro golf's happiest 1967 stopovers. Thrusting out of the St. Lawrence River only a few brassie shots away was the razzle-dazzle of spires and domes and interplanetary whatchamacallits of Expo 67. Montreal, the swinging city, was straining under curlloads of footsore parents and their clamorous offspring, dogged oldsters and hirsute hippies—every last one of them cranked up for the time of their lives. Out by the golf course, motels and drive-ins had sprung up like dandelions on a commuter's front lawn. Even Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip were coming to Expo. It seemed the ideal occasion for some wonderful golf and a gay old time to boot.

Then the pros saw Montreal Municipal Golf Course, and as far as they were concerned there wasn't an exhibition on those funny islands over in the St. Lawrence that could rival in laughs the setting for this third richest event in the history of golf. That is to say, laughs for Bill Casper, who collected the \$30,000 first prize by shooting a stunning 65 to defeat Art Wall in a playoff. The reactions of the rest varied from outright ire to Arnold Palmer's ultimate in tact: "If we could disregard conditions, this would be a satisfactory course."

The cause of this non-acclaim was a flat, tree-studded, innocuous-looking 18

holes that resembled, at casual glance, a patch of African veldt transplanted to the Montreal suburbs. Mayor Jean Drapeau wanted the Canadian Open so badly as a sideshow for Expo 67 that he dug \$400,000 out of the city treasury to remodel the course and added \$100,000 to the purse to show the Royal Canadian Golf Association how serious he was about its championship. This, when combined with the \$100,000 put up by Seagram distilleries, brought the prize money to such a high figure that the tournament drew the best field of the year—49 of the top 50 money winners. But, unfortunately, money can't do everything. Montreal's \$600,000 was spent on bending doglegs into the fairways, placing a lot of new bunkers at uncomfortable locations, planting dozens of little pine trees that will be spectacular in another 12 or 15 years and building a fine new clubhouse. So far so good, except that the Canadian springtime failed to cooperate. Not frantic sodding or truckloads of fertilizer could keep the course from looking like one vast stretch of ground under repair. And the 17th green was a thing apart.

It was the first brown green to be seen on a major golf course since sand went out of style as a putting surface. Surrounded on three sides by towering spruce, elm and maple trees, the green

on this long par-3 had received only intermittent flashes of sunlight since being seeded. On Thursday it was a stage for comedy-in-the-round. For example, Steve Opperman hit a fine tee shot to within 20 feet of the hole on the high side. His gentle first putt rolled 12 feet past the hole before a lonely blade of grass—or something—halted it. The next putt rolled four feet above the hole. The one after that went four feet below, which is fun on a miniature putting course, but not when almost a quarter of a million is on the line. Opperman finally lagged an uphill four-footer close enough for a tap-in, which made it five putts for a triple-bogey 6. R. H. Sikes, a good putter, was one of several who needed four.

When the threesome of Arnold Palmer, Dave Marr and George Knudson arrived at the 17th, Knudson found himself facing an 18-foot downhill putt for his par. Queasily, he tapped the ball as lightly as possible and then watched it roll 20 feet below the cup. "The trouble with you, George," Dave Marr said to him, "is that you don't know how to read the dirt." Later Marr described 17 as "like putting downhill on a Howard Johnson roof—with the shingles."

Perhaps it was the course, and perhaps it was the strain of the players' renewed brawl with the PGA, but the golf that



MONTREAL'S INFAMOUS 17TH GREEN CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM, THIS TIME CHRIS BLOCKER

Montreal's crowds of 20,000 a day saw was hardly of the championship quality that their good mayor had envisioned. Palmer played some of his most erratic shots in months. Gary Player scarcely made the cut, and Doug Sanders and Masters Champion Gay Brewer both missed it.

Instead of watching those luminaries, a sports-minded refugee from Expo 67 who was determined to play follow-the-leader would have found himself dashing between the likes of Laurie Hammer and Roger Gimsberg on Thursday, perhaps catching Steve Reid on Friday and certainly Dale Douglass on Saturday, at least until Douglass missed an eight-inch putt at 17. The only vaguely familiar figure was 43-year-old Art Wall, whose steady 67-70-70 had earned him a two-stroke lead by Saturday night.

It took a 45-minute thunderstorm on Sunday to clear the air of so much inconsistency. Television towers were blown over, tree limbs fell into the mud on the 17th green and some familiar figures began to storm after Wall. There was Nicklaus, who went out in 32 and closed to within a stroke before a bogey on 17 undid him. And Julius Boros got stuck down at 17, too, as did the toughest of the unknowns, Reid.

When Wall, playing in the last group, made it through 17 with a par he appeared near the biggest financial success of his long career. A man whose luck had seemed to be nothing but bad since 1959, when he was the leading money winner, he had overcome a long catalog of infirmities and was once again going his quiet, gracious way about the tour.

As Wall was putting 17, Bill Casper, quite unnoticed, birdied it. On 18, a par-5, Wall hit three sound shots that got him within 25 feet of the hole. Needing only two putts to win, he stroked the first five feet past, and watched as Casper sank a 14-footer for a birdie. Now Wall needed his short putt, but the steadiness of his whole four days was gone. He missed and was almost speechless with dejection as he walked away, confronted with a playoff instead of the glory of his comeback.

There is no better bad-green putter in golf than Bill Casper. On Monday he handled Montreal's 17 greens and one brown in beautiful Casper fashion, beating Wall's own fine 69 by four strokes to win the 58th Canadian Open—and the first, last and only Expo Open. **END**

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BOXING / Mark Kram

No weighty problems for Carlos

When he defeated Sugar Remos, Carlos Ortiz looked young and fit

His fingers tapped against a tall fruit drink and with his other hand he guided a long cigar, making you think of Alec Guinness relaxing in Rio de Janeiro after a deftly engineered London bank heist. Evening rolled across the Atlantic and then fell softly on the terrace. All the old fight managers are gone, the man was saying, the ones who swung in a world of whispers and back-door deals. Their names tumbled out like remembered songs.

Al Weill, the most disliked manager in the history of boxing, is busted and in an institution. Blinky Palermo, who had pieces of fighters he did not even know, is athletic director at another kind of institution. They call this one Lewisburg, and he has his position for the long haul. Jack Hurley, with two-thirds of his stomach gone, is trying to make it one more time with a young heavyweight with a forgettable name and talent.

"And, of course," said Bill Daly, the second most disliked manager in boxing, "the Doctor [Doc Kearns] is dead, and so are his times. I'll tell you, if I can get past this fight I think I'll defend the title in Ireland and back it up with a fight in Denmark. Take a nice ocean voyage. Parties every night, pretty music. The way it used to be. After all, you got to enjoy life. How many times you think he's gonna make it to the post? One day it'll be over."

The end, despite Daly's somber mood, does not appear to be near. Carlos Ortiz, lightweight champion of the world since 1962, except for a brief time in 1965 when he loaned the title to Ismael Laguna, is undoubtedly the most complete champion in boxing today. True, age (Ortiz is 30) has slightly tempered his great talent,

but it was hardly evident last Saturday night against Sugar Ramos in steaming Bihorn Stadium in San Juan, Puerto Rico. With both hands chopping until they were just a blur, Ortiz left Ramos sagging in a corner at 1:18 of the fourth round. It was a technical knockout and Ortiz' fourth straight successful title defense.

The evening began typically enough for a fight at a Latin location; before the fight some gentleman cracked another over the head with a chair. This incident was not comforting to anyone who remembered the carnage of the first Ortiz-Ramos fight in Mexico City where the ring was torn down, guns were fired and Ortiz had to leave the ring with a bucket over his head. By contrast, the Puerto Ricans comported themselves admirably. Except for a brief eruption, which came when a Negro tried to butt a Puerto Rican in a preliminary bout, the scene was that of a happy mob of picnickers drenched with beer. Indeed, the crowd of 13,592, which paid \$121,439, was almost passive at times.

Ortiz, who weighed in at 135, an easy 135 for him this time, took command immediately. His jab, which sort of shoots up after landing, was sharp and punishing, and he caught Ramos, a former featherweight who has become a small lightweight, with solid right hands. Ortiz won both the first and second rounds, and it was obvious that Ramos, a good puncher who is not timid, was perfect for the champion. Ramos had trouble connecting with his right hand, which can be quick and deadly. Every time Ortiz jabbed, Ramos tried to wheel the right in, but the champion would follow his jab with a short step to the right side and then—wham—he would club Sugar with a downswinging right.

Ramos did find Ortiz with his right midway in the third round. Ortiz caught it solidly and his knees buckled, but he was out of danger quickly. In the fourth and final round Ortiz set Ramos up with a left hook, and seconds later sent him groping toward the ropes with a right cross. Ramos, dazed, managed to free his head from the ropes only to sink into a right uppercut from Ortiz that jacked him back up. He was then battered into a corner where Referee Zack Clayton, embracing Ramos, stopped the fight.

Not since his early fights with Kenny Lane and Doug Vaillant has Ortiz been

continued

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BOXING continued

so strong and fierce. A natural welter-weight from the waist up, Ortiz has had an endless, lonely battle with weight since he first won the title. When he signed to fight Johnny Bazzarro he was 160 pounds. The night before the fight he was still 139, four pounds over and just an hour before the weigh-in he had to endure the punishment of Turkish baths in order to get down. It was the same situation when he fought Flash Elorde in November. He was so weak for that fight he did not think he could go the distance, but Elorde, his skills considerably diminished, had nothing with which to hurt him.

There was no weight problem for the Ramos fight. Ortiz had watched himself carefully for this one, and his body showed it. His skin had a pink glow to it, not the usual sallow color, and his face was not sunken. He was also quite garrulous. Usually, when he is in the midst of a weight problem, he is sullen, and naturally so. Ortiz, you see, has always moved to the sound of trumpets. He likes to be around people who like to live and know how to live, and when he is pulled away from this atmosphere he finds it unbearable. Yet now there seems to be direction to his life, a reason for all the deprivation and pain. His domestic life is once again solid, and he has learned how to invest his money wisely. His name is attached to a one-hour dry-cleaning service in San Juan that he hopes will become a chain, the beginning of a small business empire on the island.

"Make sure," he said, "when the truck comes it is nice and clean and my name is up there nice and big."

Bill Daly has a large part of the action, of course, and he seemed more interested in the business than in the Ramos fight.

"What about the fight, Bill?" he was asked.

"Well, we have a problem with shirts," he said. "We have to solve the shirt problem."

"No, Bill, the fight. You know you're supposed to be a fight manager."

"Oh, yeah," he said. "Well, Carlos is all right. I just hope the business is."

Somehow, it all seemed like a sad corruption of the last of boxing's great rogues, and you knew that, despite what he said, Bill Daly would never again dance to sweet music on an ocean liner bound for Ireland.

END

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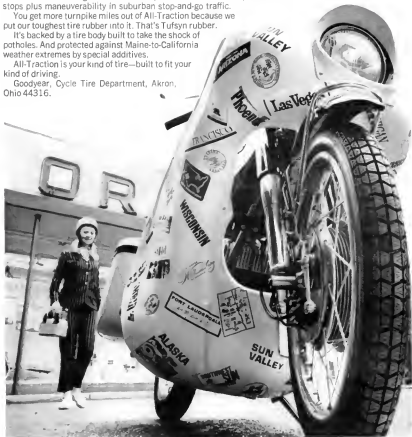
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GOOD YEAR

Grandma shot out the lights

Some of the poolroom proprietors on hand last week in St. Louis to watch the U.S. Open pocket billiards championship confided that whenever Jackie Gleason's movie *The Hustler* appears on local television, business in their establishments doubles the next day. Nevertheless the Billiard Congress of America, whose letterhead is as long and respectable-looking as that of your Community Chest, has chosen to try to mute the more raffish aspects of the game. To that end this year they added a new element—a national championship tournament for women, the first held since a one-tuner in 1935.

So the 1967 tournament named two champions, both of them granddaughters Jimmy Caras, 58, of Springfield, Pa., four times a world champion but mostly out of competition since his last title in 1949, won the men's championship and \$3,000. Mrs. Dorothy Wise, 52, of Redwood City, Calif., took \$500 first money in the women's division. Mrs. Wise has been waiting a long time for someone to put on a national event for women so that she could prove what some people have known for years—that she is probably the best lady pool player in the country.

Last week the country's best pocket-billiard players came to St. Louis. Luther Lassiter, Irving Crane, Joe Balsis and Caras were there; also on hand were Red Rader Best, the Knoxville Bear (Eddie Taylor), Weenie Beanie Station, Machine Gun Lou Butera and Champagne Eddie Kelly. Present, too, for the double elimination tournament were Mrs. Wise, gentle and gray-haired; San Lynn Merrick, a teacher of speech at Rockhurst College in Kansas City; Sheila Bohm, a nurse's aid in Rochester, Ind.; Betty Jo Hember, who teaches physical education in the high school in Esdora, Kans.; Chari Fate, a 15-year-old from Williamston, Mich.; Susan Sloan, who attends an IBM computer school in Beaumont, Texas, where she is studying to be a systems analyst; and 19-year-old Jackie Gorecki, a Grand Rapids office receptionist who had to brush the shoulder-length blonde hair out of her blue eyes almost every time she aimed a ball at a pocket.

Wimpy Lassiter, a bachelor and philosopher as well as a cheerful hypochondriac and perennial champion, reacted cordially to the intrusion of these aliens, two of whom, Miss Gorecki and Mrs.

Bohm, dismayed spectators by strolling away from the table in the midst of a tense match for five minutes in the powder room. They came back with make-up restored to resume play.

"It pleases me," Lassiter said of the female presence. "A place where people meet to play pool should be like any other classy meeting place—a country club, a theater or a fine restaurant." Wimpy, who probably has played in as many murky poolrooms as anyone, continued, "It should be a place with piped-in music and carpets on the floor, a place where women can come and feel at ease. It frightens me to think of some of the places I went in when I was 20 years younger."

The Gold Room of the venerable Sheraton-Jefferson Hotel met most of Lassiter's tests for a genteel place to play pool. A spacious hall, it was dominated by a chandelier over the center table that would have fitted the decor of the palace of Versailles. Suspended over the four tables in the corners of the room were only slightly smaller rose-colored chandeliers. The room's golden walls were broken by a series of mirrors flanked by gold-brocaded draperies. The carpet was thick and flowered, and there wasn't a spittoon on the peninsulas. Among the spectators, nearly 1,000 of whom turned out for the finals on Friday evening, filter cigarettes outnumbered cigars 200 to 1. The setting might have dismayed a romantic, reared on tales of taciturn pool hustlers playing for fabulous stakes in smoky dives. It was as if an Old West buff had gone to Abilene in search of the shoot-'em-up saloons of the old cattle-trail days, only to find them gone and the town engrossed in talk about the new Eisenhower Chapel.

Blue blazers worn with blue-and-silver striped ties were required garb for the players (the women wore red coats). So there the male contestants were, looking like nothing so much as a band of slightly ravaged veterans of life who had decided to play a sardonic joke and dress up like a college football team on the road. No conformist, Lassiter wore his blue blazer reluctantly after proclaiming that he would far rather play in a sweat shirt. As it turned out, Wimpy might have been happier if he hadn't showed up for the finals at all. He moved into the last night easily enough, although fretting frequently over a case of sinusitis and announcing that his doctor



DOROTHY WISE, BEST OF THE LADY PLAYERS, STUDIES TABLE DURING FINAL MATCH

had just discovered that he had high blood pressure.

In a double elimination tournament, the championship match pits an undefeated player, in this case Lasser, against a player who has lost once but has then emerged as winner of the loser's bracket. The best of the losers tries to win everything by beating the undefeated player twice. This turned out to be Caras, who, in order to win the tournament, played 12 matches, winning 11 of them, while Lasser was playing only eight.

In the final day of the tournament Caras was faced with the seemingly insuperable task of playing and winning four matches. Early in the afternoon he beat Dallas West of Loves Park, Ill. 150-69. Later he bested Defending Champion Irving Crane of Rochester, N.Y. 150-82, finishing out the game with a run of 43. Then all he had to do was beat Lasser twice in one evening.

While Wimpy spent most of the evening sitting in a chair eating cherry drops and bemoaning his health, Caras was busy making run after run. Caras moves briskly, makes his shots rapidly, in contrast to the leisurely Lasser. "Why should a professional player hesitate?" said Caras. "I know what I want to do, and I do it." And he did, beating Wimpy 150-82 in the first game.

"I'm a money player," Wimpy told his supporters during the intermission.

"Well," replied one of them, "there's \$3,000 at stake here, so why don't you start playing?"

"I don't mean I play for other people's money," replied Wimpy. "I only play for my own. Besides, the way I feel tonight, I wouldn't bet \$5 that I'm breathing."

Wimpy fell behind in the second game, then seemed to rouse himself and with a run of 49 balls, went ahead of Caras 123-121. Then Wimpy missed, and Caras played a safety, facing Lasser with an almost impossible four-ball combination shot. Wimpy could have responded with a safety of his own, but instead went for the combination, missed it and had to watch in frustration while Caras ran out the game without missing a ball.

Not unexpectedly, Mrs. Wise became the second women's pocket billiards champion in U.S. history, the first since the legendary Ruth McGinnis ("Ruth once ran 83 balls on me," Lasser recalled). Mrs. Wise, however, had to struggle hard to beat Miss Merrick 75-70. "I've been waiting 20 years for this

continued

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POOL continued

chance," said Mrs. Wise, "and it almost came too late. In pocket billiards the important things are the eyes, nerves and leg muscles. I swim and ride a bike every day for the leg muscles but I can't do much about the eyes and the nerves. I've played a lot of exhibitions around the country, usually against a town's top male player. In Rockford, Ill. once I played the town champ and beat him. He was so humiliated he jammed his hat on his head and slammed out the door so hard he tore it off a hinge. You know women really shoot billiards as well as men; we just miss more often."

In utter dedication to the game no one in St. Louis excelled Miss Gorecki, who finished fifth. A couple of years ago when she was out with a boy he suggested they play pool. He whipped her, and Jackie, who says she's tried almost every sport but archery, wasn't happy. She decided to keep playing until she improved. "In a few weeks," she said, "I knew that to play this game well was all I ever wanted to do." Now she practices five hours a day in an oldtime pool hall over a parking lot in Grand Rapids. "It's the sort of place where they keep water in the ash trays," Jackie said, "but it's become just like home to me."

After being eliminated by Miss Bohm, Jackie sat silent alongside the table for several minutes. Somebody asked her if she'd be back for next year's tournament. Looking more into space than at her questioner, Jackie said, "I'll be back and back and back and back, and before I get through I'll beat them all." Don't bet against it.

END



JACKIE GORECKI: TEMPORARILY A LOSER

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LIFE WITH THE JAX PACK

BY DAN JENKINS

CONTINUED



Every night and most every day in the technicolor life of a man named Jack Hanson it rains dream girls. They pour down from the heaven of Beverly Hills with those exquisite faces, luscious figures and that long, serious hair the color of ravens or oranges or sunlight. They are actresses and starlets, dancers and models, heresses and conveniences, and Jack Hanson relishes them all—every slinking, shiny, unimpovertished one. He sees them in the evenings, either Twiggy-eyed or smoldering, at his brutally private club, *The Daisy*. He sees them in the afternoons in his sportswear shop, *Jax*, buying the hip-slim pants that have made him wealthy. He sees them at the tennis matches and softball games he organizes to round out what he considers to be the perfect existence. And he studiously, sincerely and ever so southern-Californially asks, "Can you imagine a world without beautiful women—or tennis?"

Well, a lot of guys operating drill presses in factories probably can, but Jack Hanson is not of their world. He is not, really, of any world except the one he keeps creating for himself and the beautiful people. It is an amazing world of leisure, recreation, elegance, pleasure and status. And Hanson has become so vital to it that a young lady named Nancy Sinatra Jr. said recently, "The most important men in America are my father, Hugh Hefner and Jack Hanson."

That is pretty tough company for Hanson, who is not that well known yet in the New Morality Belt, but as of two or three lawn parties ago—one of them for Super Squirt, or Twiggy—he was holding his own. He was still drawing envious stares in his 1934 Rolls-Royce with its coachwork by J. Whitney Gurney ("They say that's very impressive," he says), wearing sneakers, a sweat shirt and a baseball cap, and honking along in five different, genteel tones toward his massive white home in Beverly Hills where Pola Negri used to live.

Every rich man has his freak-out. There are golf nuts, bout, ski and car addicts, spa fiends, travel buffs, social squinkers and those who simply do nothing more than plop gin cards down on country club tables and talk about set-up pipe on a drill site. Jack Hanson is amused at them all because they are wrong. He is a beauty freak. And he is convinced beyond a shadow of Jill St. John that he is more turned-on with the times than the rest of the world, and therefore more alive. He seems to know and feel secure in the thought that southern California will ultimately nip Red China at the finish line of the World Conquest Derby. And thus he will still be a force, allowing only the fun people into *The Daisy*, from which they will rule.

He may be right. He hasn't been wrong yet. Years ago, when he was playing shortstop for the Los Angeles Angels in the Pacific Coast League on a team that included Lou Novikoff, Eddie Waitkus and Eddie Mayo—"The best team in baseball at the time," he says—he used to wonder why women weren't more attractive. They didn't dress

right, he decided. This was in the early 1940s, when women looked either like Joan Crawford with broad shoulders out to here, or like Charlie Chaplin with baggy slacks. So as the trains and buses carried the Angels around the league, to Sacramento, Oakland and San Diego, Hanson sat and sketched what they ought to look like. "I got a few suspicious glances from some of the players," he says. But he sketched on in those presplendor days, convinced that he would one day make a lasting contribution to the world: glorification of the female bottom.

Hanson's simple idea was that women should display their figures better, if for no other reason than to please him. "Jax clothes are actually the result of the fact that I like to look at cute broads," he says. "Most everybody likes that, don't they? I just thought if I could make some snug-fitting pants, the women would love it."

Women love it, all right. So much so that Hanson's empire of exclusive shops reaches far out from his flagship of fannies in Beverly Hills to New York, Palm Beach, Southampton, San Francisco and Chicago, each one vibrating with a group of groovy salesgirls who can look haughty or hip, min or mod, depending on the clientele.

The clientele of Hanson's shops is varied, of course, although it would seem to be weighted slightly in the direction of the two-yacht housewife. At the top there is a sort of Murderers' Row of purchasing power that includes Jackie Kennedy, Audrey Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor and Marlene Dietrich. One of his best customers in the early days was Marilyn Monroe, who was also a close friend of Jack and his wife, Sally, now the chief designer of *Jax*.

"If any one person made us, it was Marilyn," says Hanson. "She wore our things constantly, everywhere, and was always in the shop. We designed a lot of things especially with her in mind, like those low-cut knit dresses."

If Hanson showed Marilyn Monroe how to dress, she showed him the in-most way to have dinner in Beverly Hills—in the kitchen at *La Scala*. Near his shop and his home, *La Scala* is the Arc de Triomphe of Hollywood restaurants. On almost any balmy night one may glance around in *La Scala* at the intimate booths and see the likes of Paul Newman, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Natalie Wood and an awful lot of young ladies who look like the Dodge Rebellion girl—and most likely are. But back in the kitchen, ah ha, getting special attention from the manager, Manuel Tortosa, will be Jack and Sally.

Hanson got from the Los Angeles Angels to the kitchen at *La Scala* in only a little longer than it takes to play a doubleheader: a few years. With the money he made playing baseball, he opened a small shop on Balboa Island stocked with pants he had designed and that some kind ladies in the county had sewed for him. Unable to afford advertising, he began to con some of the better-built girls around town into becoming live shopwindow models. Well,

you know California girls. They'll show off for you. They wore the pants in the window, and the crowds came. The crowds also started to buy—and Jack Hanson was on his way to immortality.

One of the girls who hung around the windows most often was Sally. Like Hanson, she had come out of Hollywood High, but a few years later, and she also thought she knew something about clothes; at least, she knew what she liked to wear. She liked to wear Jax pants, and she convinced Hanson that she could design them better than he. He hired her, and they built the business together. After seven years they got married. Sally is still the designer, but Hanson takes a hard look at every new item to make sure it is jazzy enough.

What the Hansons did to women's sportswear would undoubtedly have been done by somebody else sooner or later. But Hanson did it first, and thousands of affluent women will argue that he still does it best. The first revolutionary thing he did was move the zipper from the side to the back. Snugginess began there. Next, to make the pants even tighter, he eliminated pockets; in a pair of Hanson pants there is no room to put anything in pockets, anyway. And, finally, he made the pants legs trim without making them skintight—they are lined and in consequence hold

a crease and do not wrinkle around the backs of the knees.

While these simple innovations streamlined Hanson past everyone else in the industry, they do not suffice to explain the true secret of Jax pants, to explain why women marvel continuously over the fact that they seem to fit better than anyone else's. The basis of that secret is revealed very simply by Hanson.

"The fact is, we only sell to curvy broads."

Hanson's styles are designed for and made to the precise form of the fullest size 8s and 10s and, to a lesser degree, size 12s.

"We don't try to do a volume business," he says, "so our sizes can be less general. A size 10 in most stores has to be able to fit a variety of size 10s. Our 10 is for the perfect 10."

Hanson deplores the idea of making special pants for the less-than-elegant figure, but he will. One supposes it will usually be for some princess or duchess who will pay a David Webb jewel for it, agree to have it delivered in the dead of night and promise to wear it only in front of a group of happy banana smokers on Sardinia.

"Even today, the only advertising we have is a turned-on broad walking down the street in a pair of pants," he says.

Nether Jack nor Sally frets much over the business anymore. Sally, a perfect size 10, creates the pants on herself

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIE BRITTON



When the gang gathers to watch Tony Curtis pitch softball, girls wear Jax and La Scala. Owner Jean Leon, talking to Jack, sports a Dodger cap



The Hixon Sandby ritual starts with a tennis tournament in what was once Pola Negri's backyard but is now Jack and Sally's own country club.

with muslin and a mirror. She remembers when it dawned on her that they were, ahem, rich. "There was this sweater line that we wanted to carry, and they turned us down. All of a sudden we thought, Who needs it? We didn't, as a matter of fact," she says. For Jack the realization came in an altogether different way.

The phone rang at the Beverly Hills shop one afternoon, and Jack answered.

"Jack," said the voice. "Frank."

Hanson didn't have to ask Frank who, although he had never met Sinatra.

"I want you to do me a favor," Sinatra said. "Dean's got a daughter who ought to have a job to give her something to do. Why don't you let her help out in your store?"

Hanson didn't have to ask Dean who, although he had never met Martin.

"Great idea," said Hanson promptly.

Since that time the Beverly Hills shop has had a number of interesting salesgirls, namely Frank Sinatra's daughters, Nancy and Tina, and Dean Martin's three daughters, Deana, Gail and Claudia.

The shop is perfectly located for all of the fun people. It is right on the corner of Wilshire and Bedford, two blocks from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, which has that drugstore with the \$500 hairbrush for sale, half a block from Hamburger Hamlet, which curiously specializes in lobster

busque, about six blocks from the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel, which specializes in television executives, five blocks from La Scala, four blocks from The Daisy and a short order of scrambled eggs and lox from Nate-n-AI's Delicatessen.

Hanson patrols the neighborhood, bouncing on foot much of the time, tanned and trim for 48 years, smiling and casual, alert and energetic, eager for his days to be highlighted by hip conversations, such as the following between two screenwriters at Nate-n-AI's.

"Say, aren't you Jack Palance, the actor?" asked one.

"I used to be, I'm Cary Grant now," said the other.

"All month?"

"No, not after the first. I don't want to pay the bills."

"Who's open?"

"Uh, Laurence Harvey is open. And, I think, Steve McQueen."

Says Hanson, "This is the greatest place in the world. It's really fun. I'd never leave it, except that Sally likes to travel. She likes to get to Europe once a year, and New York, for some reason, though I can't imagine why anybody would ever want to be in New York, or go there."

The place that Hanson likes to be more than anywhere else is his huge neo-southern-style house on North Beverly Drive, the one with the all-white hitching post by the curb. The house is quite a place to be. It is an old Hollywood

treasure, reflecting everything that was, and to Jack Hanson it symbolizes the success of Jax. He believes that he stole it for \$200,000, paying cash, as he does for almost everything. He owes no one. All of the stores are paid for, including the brownstone on New York's 57th Street and the West Los Angeles factory where the clothes are made and a lot of other real estate.

As enchanted with the movie business as the next man who went to USC, Hanson—who is becoming a producer—glories in the big house and its grounds, in the fact that Pola Negri, the silent-film queen, once lived in it, that Hal Roach, the studio boss, followed her, and that now, perhaps as Mackey Mantle came after Joe DiMaggio in the Yankee outfield, it is Jack Hanson's turn.

Inside, the house is decorated with startling good taste for an ex-shortstop. There are antique desks, chairs, tables and cabinets. There is a cozy library with bookshelves and *real* books. There is a formal living room, used mainly on such occasions as the spring party for Twiggy (an evening that attracted Hollywood's nobility, an explosion of flashbulbs and the police), which has a ceiling high enough for a pop fly. There is a coppery kitchen with a gas stove the size of a caboose. Among Hanson's possessions the stove ranks up there with the '34 Rolls. Downstairs there is a basement game room complete with pull-down movie screen, a collection of Messian chana, a bar, sofas and some Steve McQueens and John Dereks and other fun-world decorations like occasional Linda Evanses and Susan St. Jameses.

The overwhelming splendor is outside. Beyond a courtyard flanked by guest cottages is the large swimming pool. It is surrounded by white statues and has a mosaic of a squid designed into the bottom, one that might have attacked Rudolph Valentino in bygone days. To one side of the pool is a formal garden leading lazily to an arbor underneath which sits the dollhouse that F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote about in *The Last Tycoon*. Past all of this is a sort of mini country club, which consists of another guest cottage, shower room and lighted tennis court.

One recent evening as Hanson was entertaining a normal Thursday group—Steve and Neile McQueen, John Derek and Linda Evans, Rako the Parsian model and a visiting New Yorker who felt the scene lacked a touch of air pollution—he flicked on the lights and surveyed the magnificence of his backyard.

"Can't you just imagine the parties that used to go on here?" he asked.

You sure could. You could also imagine the parties that might go on there now, or should. Put in a few dozen Barbara Parkuses, maybe, pipe out the old stereo, and hello from Hollywood, guys.

Steve McQueen said, "It's groovy, Jack, but where do you go to relax?"

McQueen is one of Hollywood's notable hermits. He did turn out for Twiggy later on, and he was out this night, but normally he appears only to race his motorcycle on Sundays. He explained that every man had to make his own scene. He hides in his home in Brentwood, and it used to be easier than it is now.

"Yeah, man," he said. "Jim Garner moved in next door and brought the heat."

Jack Hanson entertains as much by day as he does by night. A whole society of tennis worshippers are accustomed to dropping by, racket in hand, thirst in mouth, hunger in stomach. Hanson, a good player himself, quickly organizes things. Instant tournaments. One is likely to discover all sorts of pairs on the court from the Panchos, Gonzalez and Segura, to the Newmans, Paul and Joanne, who used to be next-door neighbors.

Court feuds will develop, and challenge matches will stretch out over a period of days, even weeks, the stakes increasing from \$10 a corner to \$100. When they end, others start. Spectators will change from a cluster of Samantha Eggars to another of Sonny and Chers. And it all continues, with Sally hauling out an unending supply of baked hams, meat loaves and beverages.

When the daily tennis games are over and everyone has sped away in his or her Rolls, Bentley, Escalibur, Mercedes or Ferrari, the Hansons take a nap and then head for The Daisy. Got to be at The Daisy. That's where it all happens. After 191 years, 10 wars, a couple of depressions and the birth of the blues, the whole U.S. has wound up trying to get into The Daisy.

In 1963 Jack Hanson bought the property on Rodeo Drive where the original Romanoff's had stood and built his discothèque. He did so without the intention of making money, really, but only because he wanted a place to go at night. All of the good Hollywood spots had either folded or "shipped," places like Ciro's, Mocambo, the Crescendo. "There wasn't a meeting place anymore," he says. "A place where the alive people who can contribute something could get together."

There is now, of course. The Daisy swings so much that Hanson's membership fees have gone from \$250 to \$1,000, and there are still hundreds of people who think they have something to "contribute" and want in. Hordes of celebrities from the entertainment and sports fields are members, but hordes are not, and Hanson has taken great delight in refusing entrance to several who have tried to talk their way in. A lot of visitors do manage to talk their way in, but usually it is with a proper introduction from a Dean Martin or a Leo Durocher, or with dream girls on their arms.

The Daisy, on any given night, is a noisy, frenzied circus of the most gorgeous women imaginable, with Jack Hanson holding court at a boss table in the center of it all. It is a place where this great montage of thigh-high miniskirts and glued-on Jax pants are doing the skate, the dog, the stroll,

continued

the swim, the jerk, the bomp, the monkey, the fish, the duck, the hiker, the Watuti, the gun, the slop, the slip, the sway, the sally and the joint. Like all good Beverly Hills children, Daisy dancers never even sweat.

If one can remove one's eyes from the dance floor, there are other treats. Doing an Irish coffee at the bar will be a Peter Falk or a Tony Curtis. Shooting 8-ball in another room will be a Richard Conte or an Omar Sharif, properly galleried. Scattered around the tables in the main room, the noise room, will be the Zsa Zsas, the Joan Cohns, the Dleg Cassanis, the David Hemmingses, the Ryan O'Neals and 17 different varieties of textured-hosed teen-agers, each fully capable of saying, "Well, hi," and making it sound like, "Where's the acid?"

Compared to The Daisy, all other discotheques are slums. And, sitting there one night, a good actor named Norman Alden gazed at the dance floor, swirling with Hanson's scented, glowing human decor, and put it all in perspective with a joke:

"Oh, this crazy tinsel town with its popcorn machine for a heart. It's all alabaster and sham," he said. "Think of all those young girls, going from casting office to casting office, willing to sell their souls for a part. I can't tell you how happy I am to be a part of it."

If there is anything that delights Jack Hanson as much as being in his New World rumble at The Daisy it is the weekly softball game he has arranged between a couple of power-loaded outfits called Raskin's Raiders and—big surprise—The Daisy.

Every Sunday they meet, engaging in a best-of-seven series, at a tiny residential playground called Barrington Field in nearby Brentwood. The diamond sits hard by a hospital—which some spectators think is prophetic—and the games are catered voluntarily by good old Manuel Tortoza from La Scala, who brings ice cream, coffee, cold drinks and popcorn. When a clutch series ends, the losers throw a party, and the following Sunday a new series begins.

When someone once suggested that Raskin's Raiders perhaps seek a different opponent for a change after they had just won a series, Producer Jimmy Harris (*Parks of Glory*, *Lolita*, *The Bedford Incident*), a Raider mainstay in center field, said, "What? And not get to see Tony Curtis try to pitch?"

The lineups are frequently as amusing as the games. The Raiders, who are named for Jimmy Raskin, a lumber broker and friend of Harris', has a fairly set team. The show-biz types include Harris, Actor Norm Alden at first, Actor Mike Dante at short, Actor Richard Lapore in right, Writer Bob Kaufman catching, Producer Dave (Fireman) Wolper pitching and Pancho Gonzalez at third. No one knows exactly what Jerry Bakalrian does except play left field. But

the second baseman, Dr. Steve Zakis, is noted for two things. He once dated Sue Lyon, whom Harris discovered, and each year at an elaborate awards banquet he wins a prize for Unconscious Hostility, having persisted in parking his 1961 Chevrolet between two Rolls-Royces.

Jack Hanson's lineup has two noteworthy weaknesses, but everyone agrees they are lovable. One is Left Fielder Jean Leon, who owns La Scala, a wiry little man best remembered for his first game, when he showed up with five different gloves, not knowing what position he would play or how to play it. The other is the pitcher, Aaron Spelling, a cheerleader at SMU during Doak Walker's day, who can't pitch terribly well but keeps box scores and statistics. Spelling is a TV producer now, in partnership with Danny Thomas, one who turns out shows faster than he gives up singles, and this means no one rides him too severely.

The rest of Hanson's team is flexible, and all sorts of celebrities get to play, a few of whom are Anthony Franciosa, Peter Falk, Bobby Darin, Mark Goddard, Michael Callan, Ryan O'Neal, Peter Stone and Tom Stern, who is better known at present as Samantha Eggar's husband. Samantha often leads The Daisy cheering section, and is joined by Anne Francis, Suzanne Pleshette and Nancy Sinatra. The closest that one team ever came to sabotaging the other was when Jimmy Harris, who used to date Nancy Sinatra, advised her not to make a recording titled *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*. "That's the kind of intuition they're up against," says Harris.

The games proceed smoothly enough, and are generally won by such scores as 19-3, 28-27, 12-10. Every now and then, however, a special Sunday comes along, like the one when the television crews showed up to make some shots for local viewing. The players were very excited. Most of them had been in front of cameras all of their lives but not, of course, as athletes. Jack Hanson made certain a larger number of dream girls named Annette and Jocelyn were on hand, and his whole stable of players in their freshly laundered red-and-white shirts with The Daisy inscribed on them.

As the first inning was about to begin, the Raiders were all swinging their bats with a venom, and, out on the mound, Aaron Spelling, the producer, was taking serious windups and delivering his rainbow pitches. The girls on the sidelines were posing casually on the lawn, all in Jax pants, their serious hair billowing just right. The cameras were in position. Just then Jack Hanson saw something wrong, and went to the mound.

What he did was, he yanked Aaron Spelling before the game even started and put in Tony Curtis to pitch. Better for the show, he said.

Only Jack Hanson could have subbed an actor for a producer. Only he, only now, and only in his beautiful world. Can anybody in southern California imagine a world without Jack Hanson?

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHICAGO (7-1) continued its implausible climb and tied for first place. Before a game against the Reds in Wrigley Field, Ron Santo said, "This is a great day for home runs. It's hot, the air is muggy, and I'm going to uppercut every swing I take. All I want to do is get the ball up in the air and watch it sail out of here." Santo watched two balls sail out of there that day, giving him four homers for the week. **ST. LOUIS (3-5)** pitching was racked up for 27 runs in three losses to the Giants, and then the Cardinals littered away the rest of their lead (they were in first place by $\frac{3}{4}$ games at the start of the week) by committing a series of costly errors against the Mets. The Cardinals were missing three players—Tim Lincecum, Bob Toles and Alex Johnson—who had to return to St. Louis to attend Reserve meetings. **CINCINNATI (1-6)** traded a little of everything, but its only win came when the Reds backed Milt Pappas' five-hr pitching with 18 hits to beat the Dodgers 14-0. Mel Queen, suffering from acute indigestion, resorted to taking pills as well as gulps of air from an oxygen tank between innings, yet lost to the Dodgers 3-0. **CHICGO RIVER** spent \$31 for a pair of custom-made alligator spikes. They were no help, a grounder went through his legs and allowed the Dodgers to beat the Reds 7-5. In all, **LOS ANGELES (4-3)** took four of five games from the Reds, with Claude Osteen, who later won for the 11th time, and Don Sutton pitching shutouts. **ATLANTA (2-2)** had a bad week. The Braves led the Astros 5-1, but the game was rained out before the required number of innings could be played; the day before even Denis Menke's homer off Dave Giusti of the Astros apparently helped the Braves lose rather than win. Explained **HOUSTON**

(3-2) Manager Grady Hatton: "After Menke's homer, Dave came in the dugout and kicked things around, and after that he pitched pretty good." Good enough to beat the Braves 4-2. General Manager Joe Brown of **PITTSBURGH (1-6)** called a clubhouse meeting and told his men, "If we don't win the pennant it won't be because we've been mismanaged. We will place the blame on 25 players who wouldn't pay the price." But Manager Harry Walker had to blame himself for a loss to the Mets in which he inadvertently let two of his players bat out of turn. **NEW YORK (4-4)** Manager Wes Westrum pointed out the mistake to the umpires, and Jose Pagan's two-run double, which had seemingly put the Pirates in front 5-4, was nullified. **PHILADELPHIA (5-3)** and **SAN FRANCISCO (5-3)** missed 48 runs as they split a four-game series. But the offensive highlight of the week was the Giants' 11-run first inning against the Cardinals.

Standings: CH 45 75, SF 45 75, CIN 45 75, ST 35 41-56, AT 35 36, PIT 36 36, PHI 36 35, LA 31 42, NY 27 47, NY 27 45.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Second Baseman Al Wes of CHICAGO (4-3) was lost, probably for the season, when he suffered a torn cartilage in his knee in a collision with Frank Robinson of the Orioles (Robinson suffered a brain concussion and double vision and was sidelined, too). But Wayne Coney, Wes's replacement, beat the Orioles 3-2 with a three-run homer and, despite a lengthy injury list, the first-place **White Sox**, in the middle of an 18-game sequence against the Twins, Tigers and Orioles, opened up their biggest lead of the season. **DETROIT (3-3)** lost both Al Kaline (broken hand) and Gates Brown (dislocated wrist) and was as close to eighth place as

to first. Brown was hurt trying to make a catch, Kaline when he angrily slammed his bat into the bat rack. "That," said a chagrined Kaline, "is the dumbest thing I've ever done." Home runs by Tony Conigliaro enabled **BOSTON (4-2)** to win three games, but **MINNESOTA (5-1)** stopped the Red Sox 2-1 and 3-2 on tie-breaking hits by Cesar Tovar and Ted Uhlander. Tovar, who played center field and third base last week, has played second, third, short and all three outfield spots this season. Tight pitching by Jim Kaat (two wins, one a shutout) and Dave Boswell carried the **Twins** to victories when their bats did not. **CLEVELAND (4-3)** owed three of its victories to scoreless relief work by George Culver and John O'Donoghue, plus a three-run pinch-hit homer by Fred Whitfield. **CALIFORNIA (4-2)**, with Revere Minnie Rojas (below) winning one game and saving two more, edged toward the first division. Said Gil Hodges of **WASHINGTON (1-5)** after a 4-3 loss to the Angels and Pitcher Jack Hamilton: "I have never seen a pitcher use the spitball so flagrantly with nothing done about it." Home runs continued to be the undoing of **Jim Nash of KANSAS CITY (2-5)**, who gave up two of them as he lost for the seventh time. Nash, 12-1 last season, gave up only six homers in 127 innings then, but this year has already given up 14 in 113 innings. **BALTIMORE (3-5)** lost three one-run games and briefly fell into eighth place behind **NEW YORK (3-4)**. Yankee hitting was still a thing of the past. The team batting average sank to .215, the lowest in either league and only three points above the all-time modern major league low set by the **White Sox** in 1910.

Standings: CH 42 79, BOS 39 54, DET 35 51, MIN 35 50, CAL 35 50, KANS 35 50, NY 34 52, KC 34 42, WASH 32 44.

HIGHLIGHT

It is understandable that when **Bill Rigney**, the manager of the California Angels, speaks of Relief Pitcher Minnie Rojas he does so in superlatives. Rigney claims that Rojas "has been just about perfect" and says unashamedly that in his 12 years as a manager, "I've never had a reliever who could throw strikes better." A month ago the Angels were in last place and about all that Rigney had going for him was a tenuous voice of confidence from a disenchanted front office. Last year the Angels finished a promising sixth and, hoping to move up even higher in the standings, traded Darin Chance to the **Twins** for Don Mincher and Jerome Hall. Chance became the early pitching sensation of the league, and not even a flurry of homers by Mincher could placate Angel

fans. Barely 14,000 showed up for a "leg" double-header against the Orioles. That might have been a blessing, for the last place Angels lost 16-4 and 11-1. Then, as if borrowing some magic from nearby Dreyfusland, the Angels began winning. They won 19 of their next 25 games, reached .500 and were only $\frac{1}{2}$ games out of second place. No one contributed more during this upward climb than Minnie Rojas. He was called on to relieve 14 times, gave up 11 hits in 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ innings, had an ERA of 0.31, won four games and saved eight others. These accomplishments have been gratifying for Minervino Alejandro Rojas, who at 30 was a soldier in the Cuban army, at 26 was touring in the Mexican League and now, at 28, is the most effective reliever in baseball. Although soft-spoken Minnie says little, Rigney, still gainfully employed, is always ready to serve as his spokesman.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING BILL STREIT of Oceanside, Calif. drove his 26-foot boat-powered boat, *Mr. Cigarette*, to a victory in the World's Championship Race for unlimited hydroplanes on the Detroit River (page 32).

LEE TAYLOR JR. of Downey, Calif. shattered the last Donald Campbell's 276.13 mph world water-speed record to be averaged 285.217 mph for the two one-mile runs in his jet-powered boat, *Wasp*, on Lake Conroe, Ala. (page 23).

BOWLING BILL TUCKER of Los Angeles rolled a total of 10 hits to defeat Bobby Cooper of Fort Worth by 45 pins in the \$27,500 El Paso Open tournament (page 46).

BOXING CARLOS ORTIZ retained his world lightweight crown with a TKO over Sugar Ramos of Mexico in the fourth round of a title bout in Las Vegas, Puerto Rico (page 48).

Former World Welterweight Champion LUIS RODRIGUEZ remained unbeaten against middleweights when he scored a unanimous decision over Jimmy Louza of San Francisco in a scheduled 10-rounder in Oakland, Calif.

GOLF BILL CASPER shot a 6-under-par 63 to beat Art Wall by four strokes in an 18-hole playoff for the \$750,000 Canadian Open championship in Montreal (page 49).

French's CATHERINE LACOSTE, 22, became the first amateur first forecaster and youngest winner ever in the history of the U.S. Women's Open Golf Championship, in Hot Springs, Va. (page 49).

HARNESS RACING—PERFECT FREIGHT (318.80) won a three-quarter-length victory over T-51 in the \$70,000 mile-and-a-half \$100,000 United Nations Trot at Yonkers, N.Y., while the odd-even favorite, European, broke stride on the stretch and finished 5th.

HORSE RACING—French's 26-1 shot TANEY was his first race of the year in taking the mid-afternoon-sessions \$20,000 Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud at Saint-Cloud, France, by a nose over Nubian, another French 8-year-old.

With British Champion Lester Piggott on *Killick*, CO, favored in the field of 23, earned U.S. Owner Charles Engelhard first-place money of \$48,136 when he took the nine-and-a-half furlong Sweepstakes Derby at the Camble by one length over *Barbours* (second).

George D. Widener's 1946 star performer BOLD HULK (38), with John Rasmussen, posted his second consecutive win as he finished unbeaten-and-a-half length ahead of Tanager in the one-mile \$25,000 Sertima Handicap at Aqueduct.

WINTER SPORTS—Australian JACK BRASHMAN drove his *Islands 1* Repco-Brahman to a 54th victory over New Zealand's Owen Smith in the 219.5-mile Grand Prix of France at La Muls.

POOL JIMMY CARAS, 38, a 19-year-old national champion from Springfield, Pa., defeated 48-year-old professional Luther Laster of Elizabeth City, N.C. 150-42, 150-23 in the finals of the U.S. Open Pocket Billiards Tournament in St. Louis (page 32).

BOWLING—HARVARD's undefeated Varsity crew beat the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia by a length and a half at Greystone Beach, N.Y. to qualify as the U.S. entry for the Pan American Games in August (page 46). In the single scull will be LOUIS NUNN of the Long Beach (Calif.) Rowing Association, who reintroduced clubman John Van Blum by a few feet.

EAST GERMANY took four events with 40 minutes to formalize the Henley Royal Regatta on Henley-on-Thames, England, as the heavyweight crew of Leipzig's S.C. *Schneiders* (10:07) Club defeated London's Tideway Scullers by two and a half lengths for the Grand Challenge Cup. It was Germany's third straight victory in the event. Cornell's favored lightweight retained the Thomas Cup for the only U.S. win, while Eton College gained BRITAIN's one triumph in the schoolboy sculls.

AMERICAN NFL PITTSBURGH (9) tied Baltimore 2-2 and LEON 3-3 and ran off back into the Eastern Division lead. BALTIMORE (90), back in second place, lost one and lost one, as did ATLANTA (14). PHILADELPHIA (85) added two more wins, two games to its string of four—a 4-1 loss to NEW YORK (79) and a 1-1 tie to the Western Division OAKLAND (107), though its seven-game winning streak ended in a 1-1 tie with Chicago, who still was out in front of LOS ANGELES (71), which took a game from Atlanta 3-1, then from BALTIMORE (8), ST. LOUIS (13) and CHICAGO (14) each lost one, and TORONTO (49) beat Baltimore 2-1.

USA CLEVELAND (13) and WASHINGTON (12) retained their position as the top of the Eastern Division, as the Steelers split two games, but the Whigs won one after tying their 9th straight. DETROIT (10) took one and lost one to share third place with TORONTO (10), which dropped one, tied one. NEW YORK (8) defeated Dallas 4-0 in its last home-game victory, then lost a game, and last-place PITTSBURGH (5) won one in the Western Division. LOS ANGELES (14) split one with SAN FRANCISCO (12), which dropped out of a tie for first place after a 2-0 loss to the Raiders. HOUSTON (11) played three games (won, lost, tie); CHICAGO (11) and VANCOUVER (8) each lost one, and DALLAS (8), in the cellar, lost both its games.

SWIMMING PAM KRAUSE, 17, world record holder in the 500-yard freestyle, won the 400-meter freestyle in 4:36.8 to cut 1/2 seconds off the world mark at the First Landerade 1000 Yards Swimming and Diving Championships.

TRACK & FIELD BARBARA TERRILL, a 19-year-old senior for the Los Angeles Marquette, ran the 100-meter dash in 11.1 at the National AAU Women's championships in Santa Barbara, Calif. to equal the world record. TENNESSEE STATE, however, took the team title for the second year in a row in MADEIRA MANNING broke the 100-meter national mark in 2:03.8 and the Tigerlilies set another on the 300-yard relay (1:41.7).

Two world records were set at international meets in Austria. ROM CLARK beatened Michael Hayes' 1995 two-mile mark by 23 seconds with a clocking 8:08.9 in Vancouver, Canada, and JUDY POLLOCK, also of Australia, set 1 record off Ann Packer's 500-meter run with a time of 2:01 in Helsinki, Finland.

HIGHLIGHTS NAMED As head coach of the American Basketball Association (Denver Broncos, BOB RASS, 30, coach and athlete, director at Oklahoma Baptist University for the past 13 years. Ben, voted 1987 NAIA Coach of the Year, compiled a won-lost record of 275-64 and guided the 1968 national champion team.

SENTENCED To two consecutive 10-year-prison terms for a triple killing slaying. JERRY L. RUBIN (ILINOISIAN) CARTER, 30, a former middleweight boxing contender.

SYNDICATED America's No. 1 Townhouse, BUCKLE UP, for a record \$4.1 million by Quaker Oats Foods.

DIED DON HAYES, 55, president of the Duquesne State Fair, who, with brother Eugene, was instrumental in organizing The Hambleton to Illinois, with his wife Ruby, 52, in a small plane crash, near Henderson, Ky.

DIED PRIMO CARNERO, 60, former world-heavyweight boxing champion, of cirrhosis of the liver, in Sequim, Ariz., a month after he left California "to go home to die." He won the title from Jack Sharkey in 1933, lost it less than a year later to Max Baer. *An assassin* man considered by many to be an exact brother and a publicity cotton of his manager, he nonetheless was life of the 1930s fight, including a knockout of Ernie Schafer, who died after the bout.

CREDITS

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905th, Neil Laffer; 906th, Neil Laffer; 907th, Neil Laffer; 908th, Neil Laffer; 909th, Neil Laffer; 910th, Neil Laffer; 911st, Neil Laffer; 912nd, Neil Laffer; 913th, Neil Laffer; 914th, Neil Laffer; 915th, Neil Laffer; 916th, Neil Laffer; 917th, Neil Laffer; 918th, Neil Laffer; 919th, Neil Laffer; 920th, Neil Laffer; 921st, Neil Laffer; 922nd, Neil Laffer; 923rd, Neil Laffer; 924th, Neil Laffer; 925th, Neil Laffer; 926th, Neil Laffer; 927th, Neil Laffer; 928th

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OPEN CONTENTION

Sirs:

Never before have I read an article in your magazine as prejudiced as Alfred Wright's article on Jack Nicklaus' U.S. Open victory (*Jack Delivers the Crusher*, June 26). I am one of the first to admit that Jack Nicklaus is one of the finest golfers in the world. But let's be fair, shall we? Several of Mr. Wright's comments about Arnold Palmer were cruel and unnecessary. Loyalty and admiration for individual athletes are fine until one loses sight of the qualities and talents of other athletes, too. In my opinion, this is precisely what Mr. Wright has done.

CHARLES GARY JAMES

Marion, Ohio

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Alfred Wright on his article. It is about time that someone told the golfing public who really is the greatest golfer of all time, Jack Nicklaus.

I admit that Arnold Palmer has more class than any other golfer, but that doesn't win golf tournaments. Jack Nicklaus is the greatest and should be getting the applause he deserves.

BEN BARROWING

Mentlo Park, Calif

Sirs:

There is surely little sense in the arithmetic by which you, and others, claim that Nicklaus' score at Baltusrol constitutes an Open record.

Quantitative comparison among and between scores recorded on different golf courses is totally meaningless. The only proper test is strokes vs. par. Nicklaus' 275 was five strokes under par or five strokes better than theoretically faultless golf.

How much under par was Hogan's 276 at Riviera in 1948? By how much has any Open winner beaten par in the 67 years of Opens? I don't know, but I do know that the champion by this test is the all-time Open champion.

DENNY WHITEMAN

Wausau, Wis.

● These are the five best under-par Open scores—either tying or beating Jack's five under:

YEAR	COURSE	PAR	NAME	MINUS
1948	Riviera	71	Hogan	8
1937	Oakland Hills	72	Guldahl	7
1936	Baltusrol	72	Manero	6
1953	Oakmont	72	Hogan	5
1967	Baltusrol	70	Nicklaus	5

—E.D.

Sirs:

Hated to see Jack Nicklaus get the kiss of death by being on the cover of SE, but most

of all I think that the vice-president in charge of "what shall we put on the cover this week" really must have gone to a lot of trouble to find the ugliest picture I ever saw. Jack is to me a clean-cut, all-American-looking guy (maybe slightly overfed). But this picture is very poor photography to me—bad angle, etc. You must have had better pictures, or maybe this particular vice-president belongs to Arnie's Army.

Mrs. JACK INGRAM

Jacksonville

RUNNING ROOM

Sirs:

Your picture story (*Bright Faces of the Future*, June 26) was very interesting, and I am sure that the track future of the U.S. is in the hands of some fine young men.

I was very disappointed not to see the picture of Bill Tipton of Pontiac (Mich.) Central High School in your selections. After all, he is the fastest high school hurdler in the nation. Bill not only won the 120-yard high hurdles and the 160-yard lows on a curve in record time but was also on one of the winning relay teams and won the Governor's Trophy for The Most Outstanding Athlete at the national high school meet in California. Bill also has equaled Richmond Flowers' national high school record in the 120-yard highs.

MARVIN G. CARWELL

Pontiac, Mich

Sirs:

Your array of high school track stars was indeed impressive, yet one young man was conspicuously absent. I refer to Bill (Pernut) Gaines of Clearview Regional High School in Mullica Hill, N.J. On May 20, Bill broke Jesse Owens' national high school 100-yard-dash record. Running in his conference meet, Bill was clocked at 9.3 seconds, thus bettering Owens' 34-year-old 9.4 mark. As if that were not enough, two weeks later he repeated the feat, establishing himself as one of the "brightest faces of the future" indeed!

MICHAEL R. KILTING

Pittsburg, Kans.

SOMEBODY LOVES THEM

Sirs:

The first part of the Jacko Conlan series (*Nicklaus' Lover an Unlucky*, June 26) was most enjoyable. However, I should like to mention a few instances to show that this feeling is not universal.

Robert Burnes, executive sports editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, often goes out of his way to praise umpires. He is especially appreciative when he sees them busting. In a San Diego paper in April or May of 1945 appeared this incredible sentence:

"Managers Pepper Martin [San Diego] and Bill Sweeney [Los Angeles] praised the umpiring in the recent series."

Posibly it is unfair to write this of two men who are deceased. They will not be able to say that they were misquoted.

CHARLES M. BURTON

Kansas City, Mo.

ALI (CONT.)

Sirs:

I would like to commend Bill Russell and Tex Maule (*I Am Not Worried About Ali*, June 19). This article should be read by everyone in the country—if they could read it with an open mind. There is great open-mindedness here and not the quick condemning attitude that is so often displayed against a minority.

The man's sincerity toward his religious beliefs cannot be denied. Look at what he's already given up—and there is more to come. I think he's a fine example of a man for standing on his beliefs when a whole country is against him. He is criticized so much for not defending his country, a country that gave him so much—a country that gave the Negro so much it forgot to give him equal rights. When he gets his equal rights, then maybe we can expect from him what we would expect from people like me, who can eat anywhere, sleep anywhere and find a job anywhere. But I happen to be white. Until then, let's all of us who are quick to condemn and criticize get up and look in the mirror and say, "I am fair." How many of us can do that?

AL TAMBERELLI JR.

Valois, N.Y.

Sirs:

Muhammad Ali is a sensitive man of high principles; indeed, he has those same traits of purpose, dignity and conviction so commendable in whites that are intolerable to white America if possessed by Negroes.

BOB VAN COURT

Oakland, Calif.

NEAA VS. AAU (CONT.)

Sirs:

Right you are! When the International Amateur Basketball Association failed to renew the privileges of arranging international competition it had previously granted the U.S. Basketball Federation, the AAU was the winner (SCORFORD, June 19). But basketball was the loser.

The fans at the World Amateur Championship in Montevideo, Uruguay (where the IABA met) wanted to know where the good U.S. basketball players, about whom they had read, were. They repeatedly asked, "Why weren't they on the team representing the U.S.?" The answer is obvious. The team

continued

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ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

18TH HOLE

representing the U.S. was elected by the
AAU.

As you say, the Russians registered and
want to maintain the status quo.

CLIFFORD B. FAGAN
President, Basketball Federation
of the U.S.

Chicago

N.Y.

As volunteers teaching basketball in a
Peace Corps program in Montevideo, we
recently had the opportunity to observe the
world championship. Uruguay worked
hard to make it a success, and the attention
attracted by the event was evidence of the
growing interest in this sport the world over.

It is unfortunate that, as founders of the
sport, we in the U.S. do not show the same
interest. The mediocre team sponsored by
the AAU finished fourth behind Russia,
Yugoslavia and Brazil, all of whom brought
good teams, worthy of international competi-
tion.

Aside from the poor play, what disturbed
us even more was the poor sportsmanship
and outright rudeness displayed by the
American team. The coach and players were
constantly harassing and complaining to the
referees during the games and, by such ploys
as trying to change men already designated in
a jump-ball or free-throw situation, the
coach sought undeserved advantages. After
losing the first game against Yugoslavia, one
U.S. player was seen in a newspaper
photo the next day making an obscene ges-
ture at the crowd. And during the singing
of the Uruguayan national anthem in the
closing ceremonies several members of the
U.S. team were joking with their teammates.

The hating and booing (in contrast to the
cheers and applause that greeted the other
teams) that the Americans received as they
left the gymnasium were justly deserved. The
American team destroyed much of what we
have tried to teach in our two years here—
how to play good basketball and, more im-
portant, how one should conduct oneself
both on and off the court.

Must this petty quarrel continue between
the NCAA and the AAU? Must a coach
and team of such poor caliber and prepara-
tion represent the U.S. in international com-
petition? The U.S. has every reason to be
proud of its basketball and the example it
offers to the rest of the world. We feel it is
only just to demand, therefore, that U.S.
basketball officials also share in this pride
and strive to make sure our country is rep-
resented in any international competition
with the very best the sport has to offer.
JAMES C. LOUSTALOT CHRISTOPHER WILKS
PAUL LECHOWICK TIMOTHY N. MURPHY
EDWARD J. SCHWARTZ MICHAEL L. COOK
JACK GALLOWAY DAVID ROWBATS

RICKEY NIETO
Montevideo, Uruguay

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Tip a canoe and kersplash for you when you race over hurdles in New Zealand

1 "One wrong move in a nippy Maori dug-out canoe and over you go," writes Gordon Reber, friend of Canadian Club. "After days of practice on New Zealand's

Waikato River, I was sure I'd mastered this tricky craft. But then I made a mistake. My Maori friends challenged me to a canoe hurdle race. And I accepted!



2 "We surged forward from the starting mark. Stroke for stroke I matched my opponents as we swept down the swift stream. For a few triumphant moments, I was sure I would win. Then the hurdle loomed ahead.



3 "I paddled furiously to clear the obstacle. The other canoe jinked over. But mine hit the hurdle a glancing blow. In a flash I was floundering in the water!"

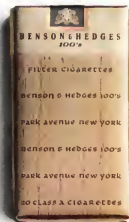
4 "My friends took me ashore to a local tavern for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine: Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club, the world's lightest whisky. *tough*



Canadian Club

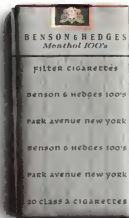
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And that's a good idea, too.

is a good idea